

# CHATELAIN

10

FEBRUARY 1941



FEATURING "THOSE CHURCHILL CHILDREN"

# "It's your smile, Sis, not mine... but I wouldn't fool with 'Pink Tooth Brush'!"

*Don't take chances with your smile! Help to make your gums healthier, your teeth more sparkling, with IPANA AND MASSAGE!*



"OH, YES, I know just what's going on in that little head of yours. You take good care of your teeth, brush them regularly, so why bother about a little 'pink' on your tooth brush!"

"Well, that's just not using your head. Maybe that 'pink' doesn't mean you're in for real trouble—maybe it's just a sign that your gums have grown tender. But your dentist knows more about that than you do."

"So, see your dentist, Sis—get his advice. Whatever else he may tell you, you'll learn that your gums, too, need constant care!"

\* \* \* \*

Indeed, "pink tooth brush" is certainly nothing to fool with. So why take chances? The minute your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist!

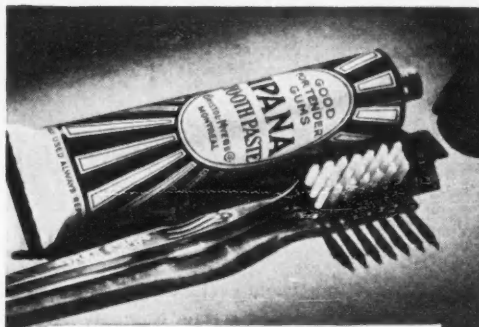
He may tell you that your gums are lazy—need "waking up." He doubtless will tell you that most modern soft foods don't require vigorous chewing—and thus deny gums the stimulation they need. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

## Try Ipana and Massage

Ipana Tooth Paste, you see, is specially designed to do more than clean your teeth thoroughly. Used with massage, Ipana stimulates the gums, helps make them firmer and stronger.

So when you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you that you are speeding up circulation in the gums—helping them to become stronger and healthier.

Get a tube of Ipana today. Let the healthful habit of Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, stronger teeth, a more sparkling smile!



## TRY THE NEW D. D. TOOTH BRUSH

Designed to clean teeth more thoroughly and massage gums more efficiently because of the scientific twist in the handle.

# IPANA TOOTH PASTE



# Dip Your Spoon

## INTO THESE LUSTY HOME-STYLE SOUPS!



*Heinz delicious and nourishing soups are seasoned to perfect taste. Require no additions. Cost less than comparable soups made at home.*

**M**AINSTAY of many a quick, satisfying meal is a savoury bowl of Heinz Home-style Soup. Open a tin of Heinz old-fashioned Vegetable Soup. Notice how thick and hearty it is! Feast your eyes first on all those fresh-looking vegetables—carrots, peas, beans, celery and Heinz own tomatoes all imbued with slow-brewed richness of beef stock and marrow. While you heat it, sniff that tempting aroma . . . Heinz Vegetable Soup is one of 18 home-style favourites—all made of the finest ingredients by home recipes. Because Heinz Soups are complete—need no additions—you'll find them most economical!

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.  
Toronto, Canada; Melbourne, Australia;  
London, England.



"We're having real cream to grow on." Heavy cream—richer and thicker than whipping cream and satiny-white mushrooms sizzled in pans of fresh butter are combined to make Heinz Cream of Mushroom Soup. Makes every meal a party—every party a success.



When women talk of saving time, money, fuel—they always talk of Heinz Home-style Soups. Heinz Cream of Tomato is a prime favourite—a smooth, delightful purée of Heinz own pedigreed tomatoes merged with cream and delicate imported spices. Try this universal favourite.

# Heinz

HOME-STYLE

# Soups

YOUR CHOICE OF 18 DELECTABLE KINDS — READY-TO-SERVE



expected to be nothing more than the little woman who darns Charles' socks and cooks his dinners for him and leaves the weighty thinking to the man of the house. The woman of today not only thinks about the larger issues, but she has also read up on them and can hold her own with any male on topics relating to world affairs in general and this war in particular.

There are numerous reasons for this change. The post-war emergence of women from the home into business and other fields hitherto reserved exclusively for men, has had much to do with it. The increased social consciousness of the novelists is another contributing factor; documentary novels such as "The Grapes of Wrath," for instance. Historical novels women now find are good reading, thanks to men like Kenneth Roberts. Biographies, which in the old days were weighty tomes that their husbands sometimes read, are now read avidly by women, because Lytton Strachey showed writers that the story of a great man's life doesn't necessarily need to be dull.

THE BOOK that sold more in Canada in 1940 than any other book was Lord Tweedsmuir's "Memory Hold-the-Door." It sold 20,000 copies in this country alone and ranks top on any best-seller list. Here are a dozen books that are most widely in demand at the present time:

"Memory Hold-the-Door,"  
by John Buchan.  
"For Whom the Bell Tolls,"  
by Ernest Hemingway.

"Oliver Wiswell,"  
by Kenneth Roberts.  
"Winston Churchill,"  
by René Kraus.  
"Tragedy In France,"  
by André Maurois.  
"J'Accuse," by André Simone.  
"Fame Is the Spur,"  
by Howard Spring.  
"How Green Was My Valley,"  
by Richard Llewellyn.  
"Quietly My Captain Waits,"  
by Evelyn Eaton.  
"The White Cliffs,"  
by Alice Duer Miller.  
"The Family,"  
by Nina Fedorova.  
"Trelawny," by Margaret Armstrong.

This war has made three types of books, speedy sellers in the bookstores and ready lenders in the libraries.

First, there is the "I Saw It Happen" type of book—well-put-together books by informed writers on the war and events leading up to the war. Such as André Maurois' "Tragedy In France," Clare Boothe's "Europe In the Spring," "J'Accuse," by André Simone; "I Saw It Happen In Norway," by Carl J. Hambro.

Secondly, sentimental books about England: "The English Air," by D. E. Stevenson; "England Was An Island Once," by Elswyth Thane; "The White Cliffs," by Alice Duer Miller, which people are buying in half-dozen lots to distribute among their friends. To answer the many requests for this type of book, booksellers have had to

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# FREE! EVERY MONTH



## THESE ARE THE RULES

1. Simply send the words "Royal Household" cut from the bottom of a bag (or a sales slip showing a recent purchase of Royal Household Flour), with your name and address to: Contest, Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. Limited, P.O. Box 6091, Montreal. Use the coupon below or another sheet of paper, as you wish.
2. Twice each month a number of entries will be drawn as eligible for prizes. A letter will be sent to each of these contestants, asking a simple question. The different prizes (133 each half-month) will be awarded according to the aptness of the replies to this question. In the case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The decision of the judges will be final. No correspondence will be entered into, in regard to the contest.
3. Each half-month's contest closes at midnight of the 15th, or last day of the month. Entries postmarked later than that time will be considered in the following contest.
4. You may make as many entries as you wish—either in any one half-month or in different half-months.
5. The judges will be three disinterested persons selected by The Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, Limited. No employee, or member of employee's family, of The Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, Limited, or its advertising agency, is eligible for this contest.

## Twice Every Month 133 CANADIANS Win Cash Prizes

Here's a contest that's *easy*. And the 1596 prizes offer you an unusual chance of winning an award. Don't let your neighbour get ahead of you—read the simple rules of the Contest, and send in your entry today.

## TEST ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

Have you a favourite recipe for bread, rolls, cake, pie-crust or pastry? One that gives results of which you are justly proud? Try it *just once* with Royal Household Flour, if you do not already use this brand. You will surprise yourself with the improved deliciousness of the result. Your own critical test will prove that Royal Household Flour is actually better in results.

## YOUR FIVE SENSES WILL TELL YOU

That Royal Household Flour gives better baking results. Your *sight* will show you how fine the flour is—light as thistledown—and the firm, uniform texture of the bread, cakes or pastry it makes. Your *touch* will tell you that the batter or dough is more easily worked. You will *smell* the appetizing aroma that says it is baking better. You will *taste* the marvellously delicious result that makes your skill worth while. And you will *bear* the praise of your whole family for things you make with Royal Household Flour—the flour chosen for the Royal Train and for the Royal Navy. Don't be satisfied with anything less than Royal Household Flour.

## HERE ARE THE PRIZES

### 133 Twice Each Month

Twice every month, for six months, the following prizes will be awarded to winners in this contest—

First Prize.....	\$100.00 Cash
Second Prize.....	50.00 Cash
Third Prize.....	25.00 Cash
10 Prizes, each of	10.00 Cash
20 Prizes, each of	5.00 Cash
100 Prizes of....	2.50 Cash

## THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED

"Royal Household" Flour—Ogilvie Oats—Ogilvie Blendies  
MONTREAL, FORT WILLIAM, WINNIPEG, MEDICINE HAT, EDMONTON,  
Moncton, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, Regina, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon,  
Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria 40-72

## CONTEST ENTRY FORM

(It is not necessary to send this coupon. Use another sheet of paper if you wish).  
CONTEST, The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited,  
P.O. Box 6091, Montreal, Que.

I enclose the words "Royal Household" cut from the bottom of a bag (or other proof of purchase). Please enter my name in your contest. I agree to the rules of the contest.

Name.....

Address.....

Prize-winners will be notified by mail.

## IF IT'S "OGILVIE" — IT'S GOOD



TEST RESULTS HAVE SHOWN

## Listerine's amazing ability to fight colds!



Above are photomicrographs of germs which are among the "secondary invaders" that live in the mouth and way back on the throat and are responsible, many authorities claim, for most of the bothersome aspects of a cold. Listerine Antiseptic destroys large numbers of these potential trouble makers on mouth and throat surfaces.

Year after year, evidence from painstaking research with test groups continues to pile up supporting this impressive fact:

• That those test subjects who gargled Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not use it. Moreover, Listerine users experienced fewer cases of sore throat.

### Kills Associated Germs

The reason for Listerine Antiseptic's success, we believe, must be this:

That it kills millions of surface germs associated with colds, known as the threatening "secondary invaders," some of which are shown above.

These prevalent types of germs, unless combated, may invade the tissue and accelerate infection. Many an authority gives them credit for causing most of

the distress of the common cold.

How thoroughly Listerine Antiseptic attacks them has been recorded by tests that showed that even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranged as high as 96.7%—an hour after, as high as 80%. Yet Listerine is so safe, so gentle in its action, that it does not irritate the tissue.

### Fight Colds Intelligently

Get the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning as a precaution against catching cold, and if you feel a cold coming on, increase the frequency of the gargle. This emergency treatment may spare you a nasty siege.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.

MADE IN CANADA

At the first symptom of a Cold or Sore Throat  
**LISTERINE—QUICK!**



ON THE AIR

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

THE GREEN HORNET See your local newspaper for time and station



## What Are You Reading NOW?

By WALLACE REYBURN

WHEN I talked with booksellers, publishers and librarians to find out how the war was affecting women's reading habits, I expected them to tell me that more readers were turning to "escape literature." There is quite a large number of women readers who turn to light romantic novels and the like to take their minds off the worries of life. With a war on, I thought there would be a greatly increased number of people asking their bookseller for "something that won't make me think."

But I was wrong. Women are not turning to escape literature. The good books are still being read. In fact, more people are reading the A-grade non-fiction and fiction than ever before. Why? Because reading taste in the time between the last war and this war has improved tremendously.

During the last war a good deal of pretty bad stuff was unloaded onto the not-unwilling public. There was much more hating in the last war. People worked themselves up into a state of terrific hatred for the enemy, and writers who turned out books about the Germans committing all sorts of gross atrocities fanned this fire of hatred.

Pulp writers churned out war adventure stories that were lapped up by a reading public that seemed little concerned with literary merit. Many very mediocre poets found themselves being acclaimed as major contributors to the world's great verse, because they published poems that cashed in on fervid patriotism and rabid Hun-hating. Women authors wrote romantic novels by the dozens, to a formula which was

sure to include a description of soldiers departing for the front to the accompaniment of much flag-waving and cheering and was guaranteed to end with the hero and heroine marching from the church under an arch of crossed swords.

But this war is not the same. There is a different feeling. Maybe there is not the accent on flag-waving and emotional patriotism, because women now are too much alive to the ramifications of this war. The woman of today is much better informed than the woman of 1914. She knows what this war is about. She knows the issues. She knows the political and international background that is the setting for the conflict, because she reads books written by reliable, clear-thinking observers of world affairs. Writers such as Gunther and Reed have prepared her mentally for World War II, so now that it is being waged, she turns to these and other able commentators to interpret the war for her.

In the years preceding the last war there was a sharply defined division between men and women readers. The average woman stayed among the books that were considered feminine enough to grace m'lady's bookshelf, and seldom made excursions into books on politics, world affairs or other "masculine" fare.

But among the readers of good books today there is no distinction drawn between men and women. As many women as men will read Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls," or Maurois' "Tragedy In France." The woman of today has a live interest in what's going on in the world. No longer is she

CHATELAINE *for* FEBRUARY



# SAFE *from the* WAR

**I** DARE SAY this is the last time," Jennifer thought. She trailed her fingers over the punt's side through cool water and looked off across the meadows, blinking her eyes because the tears had gathered as they did so often these days. "This may be the last time that I shall ever see the towers of the colleges," she thought, and tried not to picture what it would be like if they were struck by bombs; King's College Chapel in ruins, and the other buildings heaps of shattered stone. But most of the old glass windows had been taken out of the Chapel. That was something. Something had to be saved from the war, Jennifer's father had said; and that was why she and Deryk and Anne were being sent to Canada. In the morning they were to leave Cambridge and their parents. The sense of disaster and impending upheaval turned this beautiful June day into the most tragic day that the family had ever known; although even to themselves they did not admit tragedy. They said it was "bad luck" that the children had to go.

Jennifer leaned back among the cushions in the bottom of the punt and stared at her father. He stood on the stern, handling the long pole skilfully, as one who has lived half his life less than a mile from the Granta and the Cam rivers. Watching him, Jennifer felt that she must turn her mind into a camera and take his picture so that it would be with her always, put away carefully in her mind or heart so that she could take it out years afterward, if necessary, for the younger children. It must be a clear and true picture even years after in Canada, if they should have to stay there always. She must be able to say to Deryk and Anne, "This was our father. He was a tall and thin man with very dark hair and eyes, and a thin face, like Deryk's. He hated people who were cruel, and unkind and ugly and stupid things made him angry. He liked tennis and the river, and don't you remember the lovely stories he used to tell us about the men and gods of Greece. He was a Greek tutor, and people said that he was a very distinguished scholar for a man who wasn't old."

Would this be all that she could give the younger children of their father? Would this be all that they would remember if, after tomorrow, they should never see him again?

He was saying, "And the next morning the river nymphs came up among the long water grasses in the river and looked about and called to each other asking where Achilles had gone. The sun was warm on the water. They wondered why he had not come down to play with them. He had been making some small boats for them out of the bark of trees. But you see he couldn't come because his mother, Thetis, had taken him off in her chariot drawn by dolphins to the Island of Scyros to be safe from the war—"

By Sheila  
McCormick





# CANADA is STRONG

## BREAD SUPPLIES $\frac{1}{4}$ OF THE FOOD ENERGY OF CANADIANS

The health and energy of all Canadians are vital to Dominion defense and victory.

This is why bread — supplying, as it does, one-quarter of the food energy of Canadians — plays such an all-important part in Canadian daily diet.

Bread is the biggest and cheapest source of human fuel. It releases its energy quickly and continues to supply it for hours. And, made with milk, it is an important source of protein, equal to meat in muscle building and muscle repair.

For national energy and health, so essential to Canadian "total defense", use more BREAD with every meal!



Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast  
as a contribution to the advancement  
of Canadian National Health



### BUY BREAD FROM YOUR BAKER

The finest bread that can be baked today is sold by your local baker. His skill, modern scientific equipment — and the finest ingredients — give you a loaf unsurpassed in wholesomeness and delicious flavor.

ILLUSTRATED BY ILSA SHANK

Jennifer trailed her fingers over the punt's side and looked off across the meadows. Something had to be saved from the war, father had said; that's why she and Deryk and Anne were being sent to Canada.



that had lurked about ever since they had been to the jeweller's to have the identity bracelets soldered around their wrists. Silver chains they were, with small oval discs of silver engraved with their names and addresses. Deryk had fussed because his was so tight, but the jeweller wouldn't make it looser, and Jennifer knew that they must be tight so that if one were in the water a long time the bracelets would not come off.

If one were in the water a very long time! And how about Anne and Deryk? That was The Fear.

PERHAPS THE trip over was frightfully interesting, but even to herself Jennifer said once or twice that it was not too easy. The ship was crowded, and the cabin of Jennifer and Deryk and Anne was far down in the bottom of the bow, where it rose and slapped down again, rose and slapped down until you were giddy and almost ill. You had to go up a lot of stairs to reach the bathrooms and the dining room and the deck. In the ordinary way, Jennifer would not have minded stairs, and would have run up and down them without

thinking, but now she had to carry Anne pickaback, clinging onto the handrails because of the pitching of the ship. She couldn't leave Anne alone and that was what complicated matters. Anne simply opened her mouth and howled and bellowed and screeched whenever Jennifer went out of her sight even for a minute. It was certainly not too easy to carry Anne pickaback up and down mountains of dreadfully steep and swaying stairs and through miles of pitching, lurching corridors. And she had to carry her life jacket and Anne's too. That was an order. You had to take your life jacket wherever you went on the ship.

There were too many unaccompanied children on the boat; too many people altogether; too many noises, creakings and squeakings at night and the thud of the engine; too many smells that made you feel that you must be seasick the next minute, although it was impossible, Jennifer realized, because you couldn't lie down and simply abandon poor little Anne. But the smell of rubber on the stairs was quite too dreadful; and floating smells of cooking, too.

Out on the deck, sometimes, it was pleasant, though always crowded, and The Fear was there too, always. Jennifer found herself tensely watching the ocean for The Fear that would be the tip of a periscope somewhere among the grey-green waves. Most of the other children played deck games; shuffleboard and deck tennis, but Jennifer couldn't because Anne was afraid

to let go of her hand. Jennifer was good at sports and would have loved to toss the ring backward and forward over the net in deck tennis. She knew, too, that she might have won a contest; but once when she had left Anne for a few minutes with one of the mothers, poor Anne had so shrieked and screamed and turned progressively pink and red and purple that Jennifer had had to rush back to the rescue. It really was rather bad luck that poor Anne could never be left with anyone else. So she and Jennifer used to stand and watch the other children playing; Anne's little hand soft and warm in Jennifer's, her Liberty print silk with its tiny skirt below the smocking blowing in the wind, and Jennifer's matching silk print blowing about her long legs, and her fair hair ruffled into her eyes.

Some of the other mothers tried more than once to relieve Jennifer of Anne, but the results were always a failure. They said to each other that she was an extraordinarily naughty baby, really, and that Jennifer should smack her. Their own babies howled too, but not as much as Anne, and besides, the howling of one's own baby is never, curiously, as offensive as that of another's. They knew, but did not always remember the fact, that a person of Anne's age does not thrive on frequent nocturnal arousings and rushings down to the cellar to an accompaniment of more or less distant bombings and subsequent dimly understood conversation about raids. They did not always remember that a young lady of two should be in a quiet nursery with a floor that does not pitch and sway, a floor upon which one may sit in a path of sunshine and play with blocks and wooden beads and fat plush bears.

But even if everyone else in the party thought that Anne was extraordinarily naughty, Jennifer didn't. She was even patient with her when she blew bubbles at the table or screwed up her mouth and spat out bits of bacon and eggs. She was only worried because Anne seemed not to want to eat anything on the boat. At home she had sat at her low nursery table shovelling porridge into her mouth with the greatest of gusto. Perhaps it was because she missed her old silver porringer and mug and curved-handled spoon.

It was fortunate that Deryk was an easy little boy to take care of. During the day he played about the deck with other boys of his own age. Sometimes Jennifer would worry when he disappeared for hours at a time because he might have

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Jennifer heard someone say, "She's a bad little brat." But Anne had thought she was lost in the water — no wonder she wept.



"From airplanes?" Deryk asked.

"Don't be a silly little boy," the children's mother answered, but very gently. "There were no airplanes in the Trojan war."

"They were jolly lucky then," Deryk said. "They were very jolly lucky, weren't they, Mummy? I say, Daddy, did Achilles ever come back to play with the river nymphs?"

"He didn't," the children's father said shortly, and he thought, "This is not too easy," and wondered, looking down at his children, if, after tomorrow, he would ever see them again or if, like the young Achilles, they would never return.

THE FAMILY in the punt slid along the river, past rushes bending in the wind, beneath silvery overhanging willows. A water rat looked out from his hole beneath some roots, and Deryk shouted, "There's Ratty, Wind in the Willows Ratty! Where is Old Mole, Ratty? Mummy, Mummy, did you see him?"

"I saw him," their mother answered, and smoothed Deryk's hair.

Small Anne who was only a little past two years old was lying in her mother's lap, drowsily, almost asleep. And they slid on down the river.

Jennifer turned a little and looked at her mother. There was her picture, too, that she must remember. Perhaps when Deryk was in college in Canada, if they had to stay there so long, and when Anne was a great girl in school there, they might say to her, "Jennifer, what sort of a woman was our mother?" "She was lovely," Jennifer would tell them. "She was tall and honey-colored with smooth honey-colored hair. People said that she was the most beautiful woman in Cambridge, and she had a very smart way of wearing clothes and of always having the right clothes. Yet she didn't put you off as so many smart women seem to. It was lovely, if you couldn't get to sleep at night because of thinking about air raids, to go downstairs in your nightdress and sit on her lap for a few minutes. She



"We were torpedoed, Jennifer, we were torpedoed," Deryk was saying over and over again, shivering.

"Whatever are you doing up at this time of night?" the woman said. "You're a naughty little girl."

took you on her lap even if you were almost thirteen and far too long-legged for laps; even if she was wearing her pale green lace evening dress. It was lovely to feel her cheek soft against your own hair that was like hers, but not quite so dark."

"But why couldn't Achilles go back and play with the water nymphs, Daddy?" Deryk asked. Deryk was six and always asking questions.

"Because of the Trojan war," their father answered, and drove the punt pole deep in the river.

Jennifer trailed her hand in the water and thought of wars. Always and always wars. The Trojan war with its pestilence and hurling of spears and stones and the burning of Troy. But they were lucky not to have had airplanes. Imagine Hector in a dive bomber. Imagine Achilles floating down into Troy by parachute!

"Is that a German plane, Mummy?" Deryk was asking. He lay back among the red cushions and looked up at the sky. Then he began to shiver in the quite dreadful but quiet way he did whenever he heard an airplane. It hurt one to see him tremble like that and clench and unclench his hands.

The whole family looked up at the sky then. Even Anne began to whimper. A silvery plane appeared far away beneath a cloud.

"It's not a German plane," their mother said. "The German planes say, 'Bruummmm, bruummm, bruummm,' don't you remember?"

"Will there be German planes in Canada?" Deryk asked. His teeth were chattering.

"There won't be," the children's father answered. "It's too far, Deryk. That's why you're going. It's jolly decent of the Canadians to have invited you. You're to show that you appreciate it, you know."

NOW THEY landed at the boat yard, gave up the punt—for the last time—and bicycled home across the bridge and through Garret Hostel Lane.

There was tea in the garden; the last tea, with thin bread and butter, with raspberry jam and currant cake. They said that people in Canada didn't often have tea in the afternoon, so one must remember this, too, for years.

Sitting on the grass, stroking the long ears of Perry, the spaniel, Jennifer tried not to think of anything frightening. She must not think of this house being a red brick ruin with great raw earth holes where the garden was now.

Sunlight slanted across the lawn and there was a smell of roses. Holly, the girl who lived next door, was playing a Chopin prelude. Jennifer would always remember this last tea whenever she heard that Chopin prelude. Holly was not going to Canada. She said that the children who went were selling England out, were not standing by to help; but Jennifer's mother and father said that they must go to save themselves for England later; to come back and build again.

"Is that a German airplane, Mummy?" Deryk was shivering, and they all looked at the sky and listened.

"No, darling, it's not a German plane," their mother said, and then she said quietly to their father, "Yes, it's time they went away."

But Anne, who had been sitting on her lap eating a piece of bread and butter, began to weep. "Anne not go—Anne not go!" she cried, and flung the bread and butter on the grass, whereupon Perry, the spaniel, gladly ate it, and the nurse, red-eyed and unhappy, came from the house and took Anne in.

Jennifer lay on her back on the grass and crossed one knee over the other. This garden and the sunlight, her mother and father and Deryk, and Nannie carrying Anne into the house, and she, Jennifer herself, she must keep always together. She must put this moment away in her mind, safely and beautifully, so that in the years ahead she might turn aside from unhappiness and open a gate in her thoughts and be here again on the grass with her parents and the smell of roses and the sound of the Chopin prelude woven into the warm summer air.

Her parents began to talk to her of the trip again.



It would be, they said, most frightfully interesting. Think how few children ever had an opportunity to go to Canada. There would be dozens of children whom they knew on the boat, and some mothers too, and a doctor and a trained nurse, so they would be very well cared for. Of course she must take the responsibility of Deryk and Anne, though, really. She was a great girl now, almost thirteen, and could do as well as a Nannie. When they arrived in Montreal they would be met and taken to Ontario where they would be staying, and everything would be lovely! Plenty of butter and lamb and beef and corn on the ear, and swimming. It was really a frightfully exciting experience!

Jennifer twisted the silver chain bracelet on her left wrist and agreed with them in everything. Of course she could take care of the little ones. Hadn't she helped Nannie bath Anne and feed and dress her ever since Anne was born, almost? And the trip would be frightfully interesting! But she did not mention The Fear



# make it

**You can make your life as vitally interesting as you like — so they say! but how can you tell what you want?**

By EDITH R. BRECHT

She leaned forward waiting to tear into shreds whatever brief Ted held for their friends.

"Mebbe everybody here is commonplace, as you say," Ted drawled on maddeningly. "But just remember, all the men work, and the women do, too—who have children." His blue eyes gave her that knockout finish, clean and cold. Polly had to catch her lip to keep from screaming. "They're tired when night comes. Work makes you a little dull if you give it your best. And most of us do. We've got to, with families to keep. Bill's jokes are pretty much alike, but he's a darn nice chap even if he is only business manager for Chesterton's Packed Products, and not some bird-brained esthete who can't keep himself in garters. But by darn, if you ask me, it's a whale of a pity a man can't feel relaxed among his own personal friends without putting on a show."

Polly tried to keep the hysteria out of her voice, but it rose shrilly in spite of her. "But my point all along has been that they don't need to be so dull! If they'd only read a little. If they'd—"

"They do. Things that interest 'em. War. Politics. Baseball. Movies. That doesn't mean they have to throw a line about Guatemala—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake! Do keep Della Campbell out just once! If Aunt Minn ever knew what she was letting me in for, she'd never have asked me to entertain Della."

And that was quite true, for Della Campbell had been the match that lit the Lipton bonfire. Della was a friend of Aunt Minn's, and a partner in the firm of Campbell and Koch, interior decorators. She'd stopped for a week-end with the Liptons, at Aunt Minn's suggestion,

on her way back from Guatemala, and Polly had thought her wonderful.

Della was a dark, vivacious woman with a shrewd tired face and a great deal of slender chic. She was rattling along in her forties, maybe twenty years older than Polly's twenty-six, but she had an air. Her hair-fix. Her pompadour. Her upstanding foolish little hat, like a cocky drum major's. And above all, her personality. The things she said were like a piquant sauce, after boiled potatoes. Take Della's, "Oh, he's a quaint soul!" In contrast to Louise Gunther's, "He's out of the ordinary." Or Della's, "We were so blithe!" instead of "We had fun."

Della travelled. She went to unusual places—well, like Guatemala. She knew musicians and poets. She'd enlarged on a writer, a close personal friend, a Lucien Damon, whom she said would be famous some day. She knew subtle, sensitive men. Not blatant, chunky Bill Gunthers who looked as if they lived on hamburger. Just talking to Della you felt life's adumbrations. Its nuances. You felt the advantages of a city thirty times Chesterton's size. There was no question that Della's talk of her artistic friends had put the spotlight on the Lipton intimates—especially the Gunthers.

But Ted was saying stingingly: "Well, by heaven, from the effect Della Campbell's had on you I darn well wish you hadn't had her."

"What do you mean, effect?" Polly's big brown eyes were outside in her pointed face. "As if I haven't personality enough to do my own thinking. But I will say this for Della. At least it wouldn't bore you to live with her. At least she's civilized. She does things that count!"

"So she does," Ted agreed coldly. "And I've got to thinking it would be a darn good thing for both of us if you got out and did what Della Campbell does. There'd be some peace around here then, and that's what a man wants most in his own home."

LONG AFTER Ted slammed furiously out of the house, Polly sat at the breakfast table, unmindful of Katie clearing it with elaborate quiet. She didn't rush to her room and cry with rage as she'd done so many mornings. She sat quite still instead, swollen with anger. A bitter resolution was forming. The turning point had come. So far as she was concerned she'd had enough. All she'd wanted was to keep their marriage from being mediocre. To lift it out of the ordinary with cultural things. But she gave up. She was through working on their marriage at all.

Ted was seeing it too. He'd suggested her going. She'd take the hint. Maybe if she went now, they could carve out an understanding for the future. Only she knew that wasn't so. Knew her indignation at him would never

cool. Knew it would live on hot and alive in her breast, always! It wouldn't be a case of separation or divorce, it would simply be a case of each leading his own life. Lots of people did that. It would certainly be better than doing what they did now. She'd reached the stage when she didn't feel hurt at anything he said, only furious. He was too unjust; with his talk about work and peace, and always winding up with a crack about children. He knew she'd suggested adopting a baby in another year if they hadn't one then. Well, she'd get out. She'd get a job. Something in the decorating line. Della Campbell, who really knew, had loved the way she'd done her own house. Polly looked at her dining room for justification, at the painted amber walls, and woodrose upholstered chairs. Maybe Della would let her work in her shop. Only if she did, Ted would froth. Well, let him. She had money of her own. She hesitated, then got Della, long distance.

Della's voice, low-pitched and distinctive, excited her. "Hello, there. It's Polly Lipton. Fine. What I called up about, I'm looking for a job. No, seriously. I wondered if you could use me at all. I'll work for the experience. I wanted to come right away."

There was a racking moment before Della answered again. Then Polly heard with a thrill. There was a break for her. Emily Koch was going to the West for a few months. Polly might help Della in the shop until she came back. She could even get her a tiny furnished apartment down the street from hers.

It was done. She was committed. She was going. She refused to consider the consequences. She called Aunt Tessie Tinnsley—her one home-free, flexible relative. Ted liked Aunt Tessie.

"Aunt Tessie, it's Polly. I have a favor to ask. Will you keep house for me for a few months? It won't be any trouble, really. Katie's a good maid. What? A baby? Mercy, no! I'm going to get a job in the city. Oh, Ted doesn't mind," with a bitter laugh. "Everyone does things like that these days . . ."

She hung up. Aunt Tessie would come. Aunt Tessie liked to read and knit. She'd give Ted all the peace he couldn't get with her. And what was more she'd sympathize with him. She'd disapprove of Polly. That would be manna for Ted. Aunt Tessie was a hangover from the generation who believed women should bear and forbear. She'd never been married.

LONG AFTER the train left Chesterton, Polly sat with her resolve firm in her breast. The heat of indignation had turned to cold steel. Ted hadn't minded her going at all. In fact she felt he was glad. That's what had made the old heat of rage a thing of awful hardness. He might have faked a little regret just for delicacy's sake. But his blue eyes had been level and his lean, good-looking face expressionless, when she said she needed a change and wanted to do something. She side-stepped the issue of their differences. It was better that way. It prevented a permanent rupture.

They avoided each other those last few days. Polly stayed in bed when Ted had breakfast, listening intently until he left the house. They were punctiliously polite at dinner. She felt like a stranger in her own home, with Aunt Tessie coming in and setting up her things in the guest room while she packed hers in her wardrobe trunk to get out.

Aunt Tessie hadn't said anything after listening to her grievances except, "You're not being hasty, are you?" Aunt Tessie was so phlegmatic, haste to her was always an introduction to error. She knew Aunt Tessie was on Ted's side. She caught ❖ Continued on page 22



ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY



HERE was no use wearing blinders. The situation in the Lipton house was serious. Gravely so. And Polly Lipton knew it. There was only one ingredient in Ted's and her married life right now and that was fighting! It had started two months ago with an explosive remark on her part. A well-aimed crack at their friends for being so dull, and the comment that what they all needed was a course in the arts to give them a little culture. And it had become an inflammable subject that fired everything else Ted and she touched, and wouldn't burn itself out.

In the very beginning the discussions for that's all they'd been then, ended with squabbles. Now they began with fights. Began before they were out of bed. Nice workout for the day. Happy start.

Here was a new day and breakfast, and they were going strong.

The truth was she was right. Ted was wrong. Their friends were dull. In fact the whole setup of Lipton life was dull. Chesterton! Ted's friends! Yes, and Ted himself! And Polly Lipton savagely threw her husband in along with the others as he lifted his half grapefruit from its plate and inspected the bottom to be sure he'd got the blossom end. Not that Polly cared a skip about the grapefruit. She took orange juice. Katie in the kitchen got the other half. But it was the repetition of it. The stupidity. The sameness, every morning. Like a mechanical toy. It was like everything everyone in Chesterton did. It was *dull*! And Polly, looking like an antonym for dull herself in a challis housecoat bedight with bright green limes and a zipper to match, trembled with such impotent fury that the ends of her red curls vibrated like the leaves of a beech in a coming gust. She set her coffee cup in its saucer with a crack like the storm's advent, as Ted said with the biting slowness he always affected when he was thoroughly mad:

"Well, mebbe Bill Gunther is a little obvious." He dug out a segment of grapefruit, his mouth thin, and held it on the spoon looking at it as if it were rattlesnake venom.

He'd ruin his digestion, and she'd ruin hers. And they'd ruin their marriage. Such a happy marriage, too, for five years. Polly knew how it would end. But her temperament, and the red hair that came with it, goaded her on like battle flags she couldn't haul down.

# What you

She went back to her apartment and dressed for the party. She touched her lips and cheeks with orange rouge, pulled a new velvet cape over her black dress, and saw that she was lovely.



Numbering from left to right . . . Heddy the eighteen-year-old, Sybilla in her late forties, and Julie on the wrong side of twenty-five. Each of them with a very special date!



# Magic

Illustrated by  
PHIL BERRY

blew a kiss into thin air—a tribute to what goddess unknown?—before he began.

"Ah, oui, mam'selle. I understand. Just trust Henri!"

Snip—snip went the magic scissors and Julie's gilded tresses fell in yellow tufts to the floor, scattered at her feet.

Well, she trusted Henri. After all, wasn't the man what you might call—yes, a genius? Look at what he'd done for Toni last year. Ten dollars for what they called a hair-styling, but it was worth it. Toni had sent her here today.

Toni was Antonia Farraday, editor of the fashion magazine on which Julie had a minor position. They shared a little apartment; they'd liked each other from the start—two hard young moderns, unsentimental and cool, who read Jung and ordered guinea hen with brandy sauce and had their own brands of monogrammed cigarettes. Toni paid thirty-eight dollars for a handful of knitted silk bathing suit and never less than sixty dollars for a hat.

"Always economize on luxuries, never on necessities," Toni said.

So they had antipasto and champagne, and sometimes the electric bills went unpaid.

Julie's job on the fashion sheet kept her on her toes. It was her business to know in advance whether skirts would be long or short, waists up or down, whether they'd wear red or brown or green and whether shoulders would be wider. Twice, her magazine had sent her to Paris. Before the war, of course. Quite a feather in her cap. She had been born in a small town. Her father had been a minister, abominably poor . . .

When she came to the city eight years ago, she was just nineteen. Raw. Inexperienced. But even then she had known exactly what she wanted. In her lovely, rebellious, discontented eyes that ambition lay now, glowing sometimes with a luminous hardness, from some steel core of will.

The little apartment which she shared with Toni had been the first step toward the fulfillment of that ambition. The green-and-white striped furniture, the open fireplace, the Degas prints over the mantel, the lilies in crystal bowls, made a perfect setting for both Toni and herself.

If it weren't for Steve . . .

Steve Harrigan was a research engineer, with the Television people. She had met him a year ago—a tall wiry fellow with a thatch of alive-looking hair and extraordinary blue eyes beneath his thick eyebrows. Lately, Steve had complicated life frightfully for Julie. Steve didn't fit into the pattern for living she was building; it wasn't important to him to be seen at the right night clubs; he didn't care about first nights, where sometimes you mingled with exciting people. Celebrities bored him; he had a penchant for picking curious friends—a fruit huckster on Hester Street who wrote poetry, a lame truck driver who was inventing some television gadget.

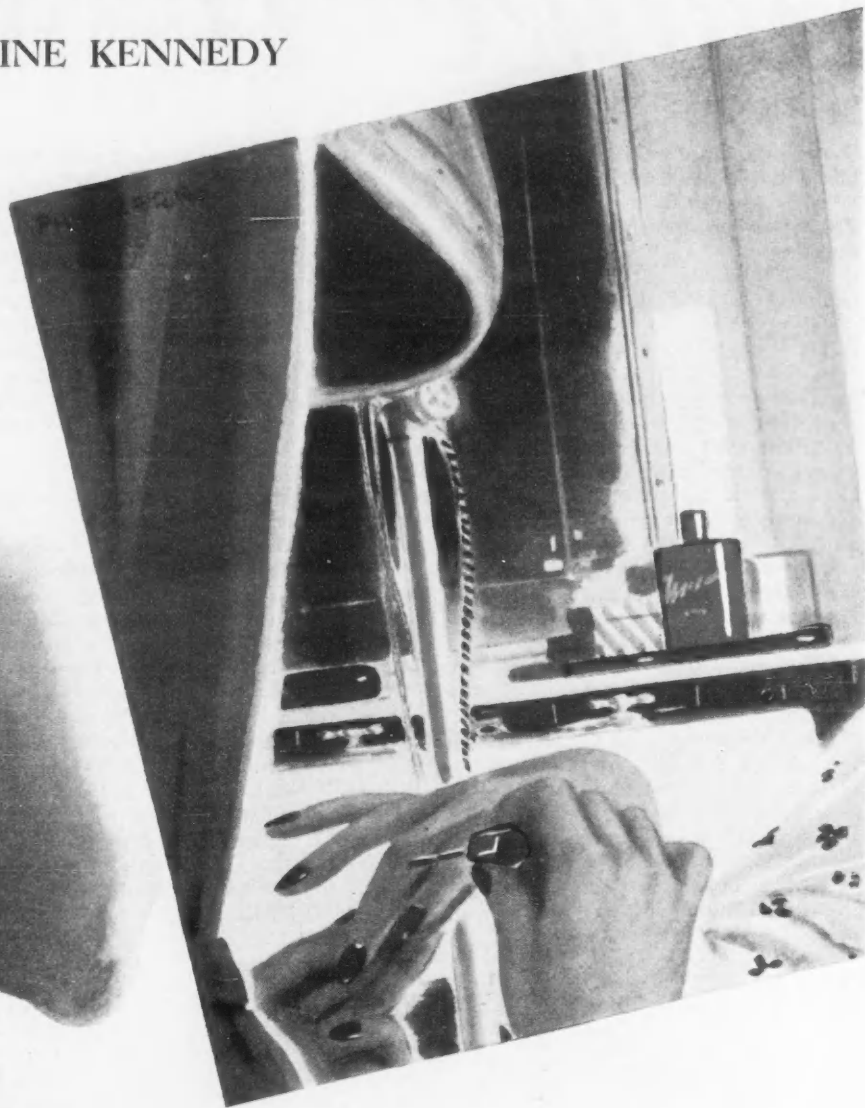
Steve had worked his way through engineering college. He was a realist; he wanted Julie to give up her job on the fashion magazine, as soon as he got the promotion the Television people had been promising to him. He wanted to have a little farm, children, domesticity.

She frowned, trying to shut out the sound of his voice—raw with bitterness, harsh, contemptuous even—when she'd called him this noon at his office to tell him she couldn't see him tonight. ■ Continued on page 52



*"Make Me Beautiful!" . . . That was the cry of women who came to Hyacinth House. Henri, genius of the place, manufactures a private miracle for Julie, Sybilla and Heddy*

By KATHARINE KENNEDY



# THURSDAY

**T**HURSDAY is a busy day at Hyacinth House. Set in exactly the right part of the city, its glittering façade acts as a lodestar to harried women, eager to pay tithes at the altar of beauty.

You step inside and find yourself in an atmosphere of enchantment. Nymphs in white move about on tiptoe, bearing trays laden with various abracadabra: lotions, oils, astringents, subtle creams, perfumes. These talk in mysterious whispers to Modom of satinizing, youthifying, skin-regeneration.

The wizard of the house (Henri, to you, and he's the hair sculptor), can, with a twist of his wrist, twirl up your curls in a giddy mop on top of your head and—presto! with a snip of his magic scissors—transform you from Sadie Smith to a startled Garbo.

Here at Hyacinth House—any Thursday—gather the assorted Shebas and Helens of the city. Within each one of the twenty-two rose-curtained, moon-spangled booths—cloistered as stalls at a confessional—above the splash of running water, the roar of drying machines, the occasional acrid smell of ammonia, cutting across the subtler titillations of fine perfumes,

the whispered confidences of Henri's clients arise . . .

Here—at four o'clock on this particular Thursday—you will find Julie, in the first booth, looking with lovely guarded eyes at her lipstick. Julie is twenty-seven. The frock she's wearing is sophisticated as a lifted eyebrow. Everything about Julie is Smart—it has to be: her bread and butter depends upon it.

A little farther on is Sybilla, who is forty-six and whose eyes, curiously eager and weary at the same time, still ask unanswerable questions of her mirror. And still farther on is Heddy—Heddy, all tears and laughter, fresh as April, to whom, at eighteen, life is still a magic looking-glass through which she can, like Alice, at any moment pass.

But wait. We'll get to Heddy later. The story—if you can call it a story—begins with Julie.

JULIE STARED at herself in the mirror. Her mouth was made up in a new shade: The girl hovering in the back of the booth, her eyes coldly appraising in spite of her sugary smile, said, "Will that be all, Modom? My, it's becoming! The lipstick, I mean. Certainly makes you Glamour Girl Number One."

Julie smiled—and an astonishing thing happened. The vague, discontented lines in her face were erased. She was almost beautiful.

"Thanks. I need all the glamour I can get—tonight!" she said briskly, dropping the new lipstick into her mesh purse and shutting it with a defiant click.

"Henri is waiting, Modom. In Number Seventeen." Julie gathered up her gloves and purse and followed her down the old rose linoleum-inlaid aisle—a tall girl, slim and elegant, with a sort of hard, metallic brightness about her, shutting her up like armor.

Julie's skin was carefully tanned, honey-colored, as though she'd wintered at Nassau or Bermuda. Her hair was yellow-gold and there were gold lights in the pupils of her grey eyes. She smiled when she saw Henri, waiting in the booth for her, white-jacketed, scissors in hand.

"Make me beautiful, Henri!" her smile said. "It's terribly important—tonight! Everything depends on the impression I make tonight! You mustn't fail me, Henri!"

Aloud, she said, "I'm changing my hair-do, Henri. What do you suggest?"

Henri touched the tips of his fingers to his lips and

# CHURCHILL CHILDREN

By Alice Hemming

One day before the present war Randolph was holding forth in a famous London Club. He was using some rather strong language. Winston, his glasses perched on his forehead, kept looking up at his son with growing indignation. Finally he could stand it no longer. "Randolph, lie down!" he snapped. It had the desired effect.

Several factors contributed to the spoiling of Randolph. It is not easy to be the son of so glamorous, so overpowering a father, without being oneself partly obliterated by the shadow of the giant beside whom one must walk. Randolph was the first son born of that happy marriage—and the last. His three sisters merely increased the admiring family circle around the boy.

Randolph Churchill is an outstanding example of a young man in a hurry. He wanted Winston's successes without Winston's ability to achieve. He has audacity, imagination and immense self-confidence. In spite of his good looks he lacks his father's charm, his father's sagacity and, in fact, his father's genius.

Following in his father's footsteps, Randolph took up journalism at an early age. He was nearly very good. No doubt he had in mind his father's successes when, as a young man, Winston's dispatches on the Boer War, as special correspondent for the *Morning Post*, were impressing an Empire.

Randolph did not do too badly. He earned \$10,000 a year from his newspaper articles. His critics have said that he was selling his name. The size of his income for a few articles may have given Randolph the false impression that fame was easy to achieve.

The Churchills, until the children began to get involved in their own special entanglements of life, have stood together like a closed corporation. Mrs. Churchill early earned herself the title of "a perfect candidate's wife," and the children, too, have backed each other up in family and public affairs.

A charming and typical picture of the Churchills is an episode which happened in a large hall at Woodford about a dozen years ago. Winston Churchill was then candidate for the Epping Division. He was that evening covering the whole constituency, ending up with the most important centre, Woodford. His arrival was delayed by fog, but meanwhile Mrs. Churchill, with Diana and Randolph, had arrived and was waiting on the platform. The hall was packed, for the present Prime Minister was ever a popular orator. Mrs. Churchill rose to the occasion by getting up and filling in the time until her husband's arrival, with a most spirited, attractive speech. Finally Winston arrived. He made some affectionate references to his son, who was home from school and was now seated on the platform behind him. The crowd applauded, and at the end there were cries for Randolph to speak. The boy stood up, then shyly sat down again. But his mother urged him to go forward, and gave him a gentle and encouraging push toward the front of the platform, where he made a nice little speech in which he showed himself most anxious to please. The whole show was a Churchill family triumph, as have always been those delightful political garden parties at which they turn out en masse. Constituents always liked to see them like that—a unity of pleasant harmony.

## His Daughters

WITH HIS daughters, as with his son, Winston has ever been the indulgent father. He admires their vivacity, their good looks and their energy. His advice

to them, as to his cousin Clare Sheridan, is worth remarking: "Cultivate a philosophical disposition; grow pretty and wise and good."

One might imagine, from Randolph's adventures with life, that in him were concentrated all the elements of the unexpected that belonged to the Churchill children. No so; in the girls, too, the dauntless spirit of John, First Duke of Marlborough and his dominating wife, Sarah Jennings, vies with the turbulent blood of the American Jeromes, and refuses to be still. Diana, the eldest daughter, has always been a favorite. She has accompanied her father on numerous trips, and when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer she went with him to the House on budget day.

Diana possesses the quality, not shared by her brother, of being completely natural in manner and quite unostentatious. She has always wanted life to be a simple thing. She is good-looking, in the Churchill manner, with a mass of reddish gold hair, the color of her father's when he was her age. She has a talent for making friends, and Lady Blanche Hozier, her grandmother, left her modest fortune to Diana. Before her debut in 1928 she did the usual round of county and hunt balls. Her mother was her constant companion, and they made an attractive happy couple.

But the transient pleasures of a routine social whirl could not possibly hold enough glamour to satisfy a Churchill. Although she managed to do all the conventional things that become a debutante, Diana soon dropped out of the society picture. Performing before an audience seems to be the lot of the Churchill family, and the year after she came out, Diana made her first speech at Caxton Hall, Westminster, for the Primrose League. It had been founded by her famous grandfather, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Diana soon found herself very popular with the good aldermen and other officials who crowded around relating anecdotes of her father—always welcome to a Churchill's ear.

True to the family tradition, Diana did the unexpected. She took up nursing and signed on as a volunteer to tend the shabby and ill-assorted company of hop pickers, who assemble every year, like gypsies, in Kent. Diana has her father's versatility and her mother's graciousness. She and Mrs. Churchill have often partnered each other at lawn tennis, both bareheaded and in cool linen frocks. With her mother, too, Diana has taken an active part in the political doings of her father and brother. When Winston went on a lecture tour to the United States, it was Diana whom he chose to accompany himself and his wife.

That trip was almost a tragedy. Just after their arrival in New York, Winston Churchill was knocked down by a taxicab and quite badly hurt. However, instead of being defeated by the blow, as a lesser man might have been, Winston sat up in bed the next morning and enthusiastically announced that he was going to write down what had happened to him. He had noted, and was prepared to record on paper, everything that had happened to him, second by second, from the time the car hit him, until he had cleared his mind of the anaesthetic. Even in the middle of confusion and pain that great brain had been at work, registering impressions, tabulating and ■ Continued on page 19



Randolph married a fine, sensible, buxom English girl, the Honorable Pamela Digby, just after the outbreak of war.



Diana, oldest of the Churchill children, has always been a favorite. She is natural, unostentatious, and is interested in politics.



Youngest and quietest of the children is seventeen-year-old Mary who made her debut with scores of other girls at a war funds ball last year.



# Those



Sarah eloped to America to marry a musical comedy star. Brother Randolph raced after her on the next boat. Here they stride down a New York pier—Sarah explaining her point of view.

THE Churchills' first child was a girl, Diana, born on July 11, 1909, and two years later the boy, Randolph, was born. A detective accompanied the nurses with the two prams when they were out in the park. Mrs. Churchill kept a keen supervision over things in the nursery. Winston adored the children, but the idea of training or checking them never occurred to him. Himself a free spirit, he preferred to think of his children as gay young colts. It was left for his wife to put the harness on. She indulged her husband, but she was wise enough to know that someone must insert a little discipline into the lives of her children if they were not to grow up completely unruly and out of hand.

The second daughter, Sarah, named after her famous ancestor, the Duchess of Marlborough, was a war baby, born on December 7, 1914. Another daughter, the little Marigold Frances, born four days after the Armistice, had a whole-hearted welcome, even though the parents would perhaps, have preferred a second son to a third daughter. The world was at peace, and as the wonder of it grew, Winston Churchill looked at the lovely little creature and hoped that the long and terrible struggle the world had just experienced, would make it a more decent place for this newborn child to grow up in.

The day she was born he received the congratulations of the King, when he visited Buckingham Palace, and she was later christened in the Crypt of the House of Commons. She was given the names of Marigold Frances. It was a gala occasion, attended by a mustering of all the Churchills.

Some three years later the happy family life of the Winston Churchills was blighted by the worst personal tragedy that has occurred since they have been man and wife. In August, 1921, little Marigold Frances was on holiday with her brother and sister at Broadstairs, when suddenly she was taken ill and died, in less than a week, of pneumonia. Winston Churchill was stricken by the loss. In a daze of bewilderment that his child should be gone forever, he ordered a local photographer to take a death picture of the little girl. The body was brought to London; there was a noon-hour choral funeral at the cemetery where the child was buried. The grieving parents received hundreds of telegrams and letters expressing sympathy with them in their bereavement.

## Randolph

MEANWHILE the boy Randolph was a source of great joy to Winston Churchill, who did not seem to realize that spoiling his son might one day serve to hamper his own ambitions for the boy. An old-time member of the British House of Commons has described seeing Randolph holding a miniature reception in the House when Winston was Chancellor of the Exchequer. The boy was then about eleven years old, and he attended, without his mother, to listen to the budget criticism of his father. He sat in a privileged seat under the gallery and enjoyed the whole proceedings, especially his father's clever rejoinders. During question time, Commander Kenworthy (now Lord Strabolgi) crossed over to talk to Randolph, and a few minutes later, Mr. Churchill himself brought Mr. Runciman and others along. It never occurred to Winston that great men waiting in attendance upon a child might possibly go to his head.

Randolph was one of the most beautiful children of his generation. He was thoroughly spoiled and, like his father as a boy, excessively naughty. Like his father, too, he had a sense of the theatre.

By FRANCES SHELLEY WEES

# for SUSAN



Illustrated by Hy Rubin

"You're getting letters from some stranger, and it's up to father and me to see you don't get into any more messes!"

perfectly aware, she told him, that she had no money at the moment, but equally aware that she would have some after her birthday, and since that was now less than two weeks away, she wished this project to be carried through at once.

Well, he would do it.

Susan couldn't see very far ahead. But she did know, now, who owned the hospital site, because Dorothy had told her. And that scheme of Marian's wasn't going to work.

MARIAN GOT up from the breakfast table, walked restlessly into the living room and dragged the curtains shut behind her. She dropped down on the window seat in the bay and stared out at the upper reaches of Main Street. What could you do if you were the sort of person who always wanted something or somebody you couldn't have—a way of living you could never attain

or—stinging certainty now—a man who didn't want you?

"I can't give you up," she had said to Ben there in the ravine and after a long time he had said evenly, "maybe you forget, you never had me. I love my wife."

There were quick steps on the stairs and Dorothy came down. She was smiling. She looked bright and cheerful and even happy. Something like magic had happened to her this last few days. That day they'd taken her out to the Hathaway house she had been like a dead thing, and then suddenly she was different. Jim hadn't seen her for a long time until that day, until Marian had brought her downstairs almost forcibly and made her go with them, and he had been shocked by her attitude; the minute Dorothy had left them he had demanded to know what on earth was the matter with her and if she'd been acting like that for very long—Dorothy, who had always been a happy little thing,

singing and flitting around like a hummingbird. He wanted to have a chance to talk to her, he had told Marian. But, oddly enough, on the way home she had been quite different, smiling and happy and as if somebody had taken all her troubles off her mind. That wasn't possible, because her troubles were Dickie Spack, and he was still in the penitentiary and would be for five years, thank goodness.

Dorothy said, "I'm awfully hungry. Is there anything to eat?"

Marian looked at her curiously. She was really extremely cheerful this morning. As if she'd had something special to make her that way. What had happened? Nothing. She hadn't been out of the house. Telephone? Might be. Mail? Was *that* it? Was she getting secret letters from Dickie? But even if she were, what could be in them to make her so happy?

Marian slipped upstairs ■ Continued on page 39



# Continuing

# A STAR

**J**EAN WAS making a kettleful of paté to be used for sandwiches, and Pepper Hathaway, the tomcat, had been sitting underfoot in the kitchen all morning. When Jean was putting the liver through the grinder, Pepper almost went insane, sitting on a chair and uttering involuntary miaows, so sure of kindness and generosity that he got more than was good for him. Susan lifted the cat, protesting, "He'd better go home. I'll take him." She tucked Pepper firmly under her arm and went across the garden with him to the Hathaway fence.

Mrs. Hathaway was down near the brook, sitting motionless on a little hillock, her gardening gloves on as if she had come out to work and suddenly stopped. She looked up and saw Susan and Pepper.

"Now, has he been *stealing*?" she asked anxiously. "I really can't get that cat trained not to steal. He's so hungry. Don't tell me he's been stealing."

"Just begging," Susan assured her. She dropped down on the grass beside Mrs. Hathaway and put Pepper into his mistress's lap.

"He's an old hypocrite," Mrs. Hathaway said affectionately. "I don't think he has any virtues except cleanliness, and he certainly has all the vices. If Pepper and Old Cat were people, they wouldn't be much good."

Susan sat beside her, not answering. It was a beautiful morning, clear and soft. The grass was damp and brilliant green; one could almost see it growing.

The older woman's mind was far away on her own thoughts. Susan sat quiet, thinking things over, not very happy. Mrs. Hathaway turned, after a few minutes, and looked at her, a searching look.

"What is it?" Susan enquired. "Have I got a smudge on my nose? It seems to me I usually have. I have to look at myself carefully in a mirror before I take trays into the dining room. Some people are always so unsmudged, but not me."

Mrs. Hathaway sighed. "I was just thinking that I like you," she said. "I was just thinking that I wish I had had a nice, small, brown, round daughter like you. A son is a good thing to have, but the time comes when—" she stopped. Then she said, "It's difficult to think of a child as a separate entity."

Susan pulled up a leaf of grass and smoothed it between her fingers. There wasn't anything to say.

Then there was the sound of wheels crunching on the gravel of the drive up beside the house. It was Jim's car that had driven in, but he was not alone. Marian was with him, and someone else—the little sister, Dorothy. They got out of the car, and moved toward the house, not seeing Mrs. Hathaway and Susan down on the slope. Mrs. Hathaway sat looking at them, and then she got up. "I'll have to go in," she said heavily. "That's Jim and—his fiancée, coming to look at the house. We're going to make a few changes in it here and there. It really is old-fashioned and inconvenient. Will you come in, dear?"

But Susan made her escape hurriedly and went back across the stile. She helped Jean clear up the kitchen and then carried a basket of snowy diapers out to hang on the line.

It was when she was carrying the empty basket back into the house that she saw Dorothy moving down through the Hathaway garden alone. She looked very small and young; she moved in a blind sort of way as if she hardly knew or cared where she was going. Something in her attitude caught at Susan's attention, so that she stopped abruptly and watched the girl. Dorothy went down to the brook, and across it on the stepping stones, and then again up the other side toward the wooded hill. Susan felt she could project herself into that other mind, so lost, so frightened, so alone. Dorothy was cut off from her family by some natural barrier, as Susan had been; she had fallen terribly in love with a lad who was shut away in a horrible prison, eating his heart and mind out, probably; she was, she must be, terrified of the future . . . utterly terrified of the future, wishing that it might never come.

Susan threw down the basket and flew down the slope of the Morel garden. Dorothy had disappeared into the wood and was gone from sight.

When Susan came up to her she was doing nothing, there was nothing in her hands, she was just standing there, leaning against an old lightning-scarred stump, staring at nothing. She turned her head at the sound of Susan's running feet, and looked at her with eyes that were dark and wide.

IT WAS late that night when Susan sat down in her own room at Morels' and wrote two letters. They were both simple and straightforward. Over the first she had no hesitation, but it took a long time to decide whether or not to write the second. And that was perhaps reasonable, because the first matter was really none of her affair, and so she could look at it impersonally; and the second matter was her affair in far more ways than she wished it to be.

Both letters were addressed to Sir Harry, her godfather. The first he was to keep, the second he was to forward.

The first one read as follows:

Dear Uncle Harry,

I wrote to you yesterday to say how sweet you were to accept the luncheon invitation here on the 26th. I

## What Has Happened

Susan Van Wyck has run away from her wealthy home to live in the small town of Cedarvale. When she is twenty-one she will inherit most of the money left by her wealthy father. She has left her mother and older sister Daphne, as she is unable to bear their continual scheming about her inheritance.

She lives with a French-Canadian couple, Jean and Minna Morel, who run a restaurant in the town. They do not know who she is. Mayor Parsons' daughter, Marian, has been engaged for a number of years to an ambitious young doctor, Jim Hathaway. He is hoping to build a hospital on some land near by. Marian wants him to practice in a large city, and has her father buy the land secretly so that he cannot get it.

Susan finds that Marian is carrying on an old affair with a married man, Ben Brown, and tries to keep the shock from Jim. She knows that Marian's father bought the land but does not want to destroy Jim's faith in his fiancée.

knew you would do it, you always have been a darling.

Now there is something else I want to ask you to do, or to think about, or to investigate; whatever you think best. I can't help feeling that when you hear the story you will feel that it calls for doing something, not just thinking or being satisfied with anything but the most careful and complete investigation.

There's a boy called Dickie Spack in the penitentiary. He was sent there three months ago, for what they called theft. He was the teller in the bank here, and he did steal the money, that's true enough. He stole it so that he could live up to his girl. She was the mayor's daughter. The mayor didn't think Dickie was good enough for her, and tried to keep them apart, but of course that didn't work. The mayor is a snob—a selfish, horrid, arrogant, position-angling snob.

When the bank manager began to suspect that Dickie's funds were not all they might be, he did what seemed to him the right thing, and spoke first to Dickie and then to the mayor, since it was plain to him, the bank manager, why Dickie was taking money, and he thought the boy could be saved by kindness and some judicious treatment at the hands of the mayor. As soon as he spoke to Dickie, the boy pulled himself together, went to his girl, told her the truth and talked over with her what to do. She is a sweet little thing, and she knew it was her fault. She sold things, everything she could sell, and got money for him. And Dickie did the same. They got enough money together. But by the time Dickie had it to put back, the mayor, Mr. Parsons, had pushed the case over the edge and it was taken to court.

When this happened, Dorothy and Dickie were frightened. They knew what was happening; they were going to be separated. Some way, Dorothy's father was going to separate them. That was the one thing they couldn't face, and, dear Uncle Harry, if you knew Dorothy's family you would see why she wouldn't and couldn't face giving up the one person she truly loved. So what the two children did was to slip up to the city and be married, giving Dorothy's age falsely, of course, because she still isn't quite eighteen. And they knew that was dangerous, too, the mayor being what he is, or they thought it was. So they hid the fact; and now Dorothy is going to have a baby.

Can you save Dickie?

Lovingly,  
Susan.

Susan wrote another letter and asked Sir Harry to forward it. It was addressed to Mr. William Hammond, the senior member of her father's firm of lawyers. It was to instruct him to buy Jim's hospital site for her and to mail her the deeds in care of her godfather. She was

WINTER DAYS CALL FOR GOOD HOT SOUP!

*Campbell's*  
TOMATO  
SOUP

**HEART-WARMING** on a winter night is a bright, brimming plate of that favorite, Campbell's Tomato Soup, all steaming and fragrant. Nothing like it to lift your spirits when the shivers have them down. Prepare it with milk, as cream of tomato, and you have a doubly nutritious dish for a winter lunch or supper.

**COMFORTING** to winter-sharpened appetites. See how it glistens with the homey golden look of its good chicken broth. See how the family pull up chairs and lift up spoons. You'll find this true—just as sure as they like chicken they'll like Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup.

*Campbell's*  
CHICKEN  
WITH  
RICE SOUP

*Campbell's*  
VEGETABLE SOUP

**SATISFYING** . . . Enthusiastic mothers say, "It's almost a meal in itself, really". Meaning that this soup—fifteen nourishing vegetables and vigorous Canadian beef stock—makes planning a winter lunch or supper quite a simple matter.

**REMINDER:**

*Keep these 3 soups on hand*

Whenever you get out to stock the pantry these days, make sure there is soup on your list. Tempting, satisfying soups like Campbell's Vegetable and Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup. And that heart-warming appetite-rouser, Campbell's Tomato Soup. Have them on hand. They can bolster family suppers on nights when the wind blows

extra-raw. And, best of all, they can save you trips to the store when cold, wet days come along. Because with good soup handy a nourishing and sustaining meal is easily planned. So won't you remember . . . there's plenty of winter cheer in piping-hot bowls of Campbell's Soup served all around the table?



Round again  
And home I go  
Then soup to warm me  
Top to toe!

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL





# how do we dress from here?

By CAROLYN DAMON



There's an interesting new treatment for pockets, tailored front and a dirndl in this attractive frock.

**T**HIS year we're going to think more about our clothes than we ever have before. And it's not a case of fiddling while Mussolini's burning, either. Because we're going to think twice about everything we buy—and make it a good buy.

We're going to give our wardrobes the third degree, and relieve some pretty useful duds from the firing squad. And then rehabilitate them into good-looking members of society.

We're going to get matey with the village dressmaker, or her counterpart, the big city designer, and have a lot of fun doing it.

We're going to turn dressmaker ourself, and sew and sew and sew. And whether it's for the public, or just the family circle, we'll be pleased as punch with ourselves.

We're going to find that the British have a lot on the ball when it comes to designing, particularly in London, and making fabrics, particularly in Canada.

Uniforms are going to be the big thing in our lives—either on himself, on ourselves, or as a pattern for design.

We're going to find out that there are a lot of falderals we didn't care much about anyway, if we have to do without them; get down to the basic principles of style smartness—color, line and fabric; and let the show pieces fall where they may.

We're going to find that not only the Government frowns on wanton extravagance. Nice people wouldn't be caught dead at it.

All of which adds up to: we're going to dress Canadian.

AND HIGH time, too. A year ago *Chatelaine* predicted that this Dominion was going to stop following Paris and New York slavishly, and formulate some of her own ideas for clothes, the kind Canadian women need and like. Today Paris is blacked out as a style centre, with the news that comes from couturiers there ominously by-lined "via Berlin." We can't run down to Seattle or Detroit or Buffalo for a spring outfit. And we can't have ready-made clothes sent over.

Well, let's see where we find ourselves. Lots of lovely fabrics, in Canada, and coming from the rest of the British Empire. Maybe not so many designs or patterns to choose from. We're not as imaginative as the French, or as tricky in our designing as the Americans. But we are an ingenious people with a particular flair for turning ■ Continued on page 28



The frock above is sprinkled with star-dust — nailheads to you! And that at the right takes on a new and effective glamour with myriad tuckings.

## Style FORECAST FOR 1941

Style experts agree that what you wear this year will be affected by

1. The "baby budget," cutting down imports.
2. The uniforms everywhere — on men and women too.
3. The increased interest in home sewing.
4. The general attitude toward the war.

*Those Churchill Children :: Continued from page 13*

sorting. The resulting essay was a masterpiece of analysis.

After a convalescent trip to the Bahamas, Winston had quite recovered from the accident, and his postponed lecture tour was an outstanding success. At his side all the while was Diana. As on a former occasion, before his marriage, Winston dazzled admiring Americans with his historic name, his magnetic personality, and the power of his oratory.

Diana, too, going about for preference hatless and in tweeds, fascinated everybody. She was not cut to any pattern. She was delightfully easy-mannered, yet withal excitingly aristocratic and sure of herself. In Hollywood, Diana took a film test. "Just for fun," she said afterward, but one wonders, knowing the adventurous Churchills, why, if it was successful, she did not sign a contract with Warner Brothers. She had worked very hard for some time at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, but apparently nothing came of it. Perhaps the reason was that on her return to England she became engaged to be married.

Romance came first to the eldest of Winston's children, and he heartily approved her choice. The fact that this marriage ended in the divorce courts three years after it was contracted must have made Winston doubt a little his own ability at deciding the suitability of a mate for his daughter.

The man Diana married on this occasion was John Milner Bailey, son of Winston's old friend Sir Abe Bailey, the South African millionaire, and the wedding of the first of the Churchill children was a bang-up celebration. It took place in the same church in which her parents were married—St. Margaret's Westminster. For Clementine and Winston it was like reliving their own wedding day. Again the bride wore white satin, and carried a white prayer book. Again the church was bedecked with white flowers and the guests competed eagerly to get the heather favors. Again there was a large reception.

Once more Winston stepped out of a car at the door of the church among cheering crowds. His daughter ran quickly up the steps, but not so Winston. There he was, in top hat as before, winged collar as before, broad smile as before—and, this time, a cigar. His sense of the theatre held him there, happily acknowledging the friendly greetings. He waved his hat with boyish exuberance, and playfully tweaked the ear of his son, Randolph, as he entered the church.

Political struggles have always been an essential part of the atmosphere the Churchills breathe, and Randolph was already thoroughly involved. The year of Diana's wedding he had celebrated his twenty-first birthday at a party at Claridge's Hotel in London's Mayfair. His mother greeted the guests, and then left the all-male party to themselves. Winston beamed on his grown-up son, and was thankful that his own eloquent letters had dissuaded the boy from becoming engaged to an American adventuress a couple of years before. That correspondence which is like the famous letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son, reveals the high standard of culture and of achievement that Churchill expects from his only boy.

Those letters, which, were they ever published, would be a contribution to English literature, as are most things Winston Churchill has written, were written to Randolph when at the age of nineteen he went to the United States, expecting to take that country by storm as his father had done. He had the temerity, at that tender age, to lecture the people of his Jerome grandmother, among other things, on "useful women." Press reports of the tour were full of derisive condemnation of Randolph's impertinence. Clementine Churchill, perceiving trouble, followed her son to the States, to see what it was all about. "His own mother," wrote an American journalist after her arrival, "is one of the most beautiful and cultured women of the day. But she has apparently not impressed him sufficiently—with a slipper."

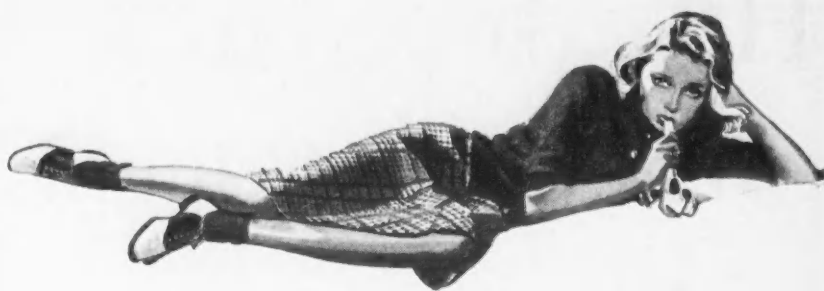
Randolph's politics were certainly not taken very seriously. His mother had first heard him speak early in 1930, when he opened an Oxford Union debate. Later, in 1935, worried about her son's lack of success, she broke a long silence to go up to West Toxeth, where Randolph was the Conservative candidate. The district was a famous Socialist stronghold. "The boy is besieging a fortress," said his mother, with pride in his courage, as she hurried northward to give him her support. It was a very brave thing for her to do. In Liverpool she bravely faced a storm of heckling and won a hearing at Wellington Street Schools. Then, at the end of a tiring night's electioneering, she climbed a fire escape onto a balcony near her son's Hill Street committee rooms. There, under the flaring light of a torch, she addressed a pugnacious crowd of 4,000 unfriendly faces. "My son," she began, "has always lived in a home where politics have been earnestly and eagerly discussed." Her gentle sincerity moved them to silence. Randolph was filled with admiration for the magic of her steadfastness.

During the thirties the children were full of activity. Diana secured her divorce from John Bailey early in 1935. The failure of her marriage was a cruel disappointment. In her disillusionment she turned her attention and energies to Randolph's political doings. Oddly enough, in this occupation, she was to secure her own personal happiness.

Randolph had not enjoyed much success. In fact someone had dubbed him "also Ran-dolph" and the name was beginning to stick. It was a great disappointment to his parents. However, he continued to interest himself in political affairs, and the month after Diana's divorce he took her and Sarah to help him support his friend Richard Findlay in a by-election.

Findlay was an Independent Conservative, and he was trying to win the constituency of Norwood from the National Government candidate, Duncan Sandys. Diana heard her brother wax eloquent in his condemnation of Sandys; Randolph described him as "a political centipede with a foot on every fence," who was ready to "swallow anything, so long as he doesn't blot his copybook with the Central Office."

Diana looked to see how the opponent was taking this. There he was, tall, suave, self-sure, handsome. His hair was, surprisingly, the exact russet color of her own. He did not seem the least bit



## A girl's private life—

**"I WANT TO BE ALONE!"** There are special times when even the best of us have felt that way. But if you mope and feel sorry for yourself just because of "difficult days", you need a few easy lessons so you won't miss out on fun!

Perhaps you got off to a bad start. Tried being too good a sport . . . romped around a tennis court or hockey field when you should have been taking it easy.

Or maybe you never realized that *comfort* is more than half the battle! Meaning the kind of comfort Kotex gives. Because Kotex sanitary napkins start soft, stay soft . . . help take your mind off your troubles!

### What to do and not to do . . .

**YES, you can go to dances!** But sit one out now and then. To look at the stars . . . or hear a life story.

You'll have fun and you needn't be self-conscious, because the flat, pressed Kotex ends never give your secret away. You can be confident of comfort, too, because Kotex stays soft . . . doesn't bulk, bunch or chafe.

**Put sleigh-rides on your okay list!** Just bundle up extra warm and don't tumble in the snow. Instead, lead the singing and cheering . . . or perch up front and help drive the horses. You'll forget about you!

In fact, you won't have a moment's worry because the new Safety-Shield in Kotex provides added absorption. And with Junior, Regular, and Super Kotex, there's a right size for each day's needs.

Take these easy lessons to heart. You'll wonder why you ever thought of staying home!



### 'Tain't in Text Books!

Where's a girl to learn all about her "problem"? Where's she to get those little intimate hints she needs to know? The new book: "As One Girl To Another" gives you the answers. It's FREE. Address: Canadian Cellucotton Products, Co., Ltd., Dept. 1410—330 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.



Feel its new softness . . .

Prove its new safety . . . Compare its new flatter ends

\*Trade Mark Reg. Can. Pat. Off.



climbed some rail and fallen off into the sea; but she worried more about him at night when he couldn't go to sleep and lay shivering in his berth or, when he did go to sleep, would cry out, dreaming about being bombed or torpedoed. Naturally it was impossible for Jennifer to leave him and Anne alone in the cabin in the evenings, nor could she light the light and keep them awake, so she lay on her berth and thought about Canada and what sort of families would be taking them, about whether or not they would be separated, about England and the invasion and when it would come and what the Germans would do to Cambridge and her own house and mother and father.

Night and day, about the ship, on the decks or in the cabin, she was never for a moment really free of The Fear. It was deep in the water rushing and slapping past the wall of her cabin. It was lurking outside the closed portholes. It was waiting outside in the windy, turbulent night.

Jennifer and Deryk and Anne were more or less in the care of one of the accompanying mothers, a Mrs. Allison who was good to them but still unable to do anything helpful about Anne. It was Mrs. Allison who was to take them in charge in case the boat was torpedoed. They had all had their instructions as to what to do if they were. Every night they put shoes and socks and thick coats on the bottom of their berths. If the ship were struck, they were to dress quickly, put on their life belts and wait for Mrs. Allison to come to their room and get them. Her cabin was next to theirs, but one. There was to be no rushing out into the corridors into panic and crowding. They would be taken care of, and they must wait until Mrs. Allison came.

IT WAS quarter past two o'clock by Jennifer's wrist watch when the great crash struck the ship. Fortunately the lights could be turned on. "It was a big wave," she said to Deryk. "It was only a big wave. Don't be a silly little boy now." He was shivering so that he could scarcely pull his grey flannel pants on, and she herself was having difficulty buttoning up Anne's boots. Fortunately Anne was still asleep.

The engine of the boat seemed to be working at a different, more jerky rhythm, and there were strange noises above, runnings about and very distant shoutings, Jennifer thought—or perhaps it was her imagination. And why didn't Mrs. Allison come? The Fear was upon them now. It had caught up with them. That crash, Jennifer thought, and tried to close her mind to the picture, had torn a great hole in the hull of the ship; somewhere toward the stern perhaps. Tons and tons of black water would be pouring and gurgling into the hole, and the ship's bow would gradually rise up from the water higher and higher, with them all still here in the cabin—waiting, obeying orders, and waiting. Higher and higher the bow of the ship would rise into the dark night and lower the stern would go until the vast perpendicular bulk would slowly be sucked under; with a monstrous gigantic suck the whole boat would be gulped down into the bottomless liquid blackness of the sea.

Anne was waking, digging her knuckles into her eyes, whimpering like a sweet puppy, hanging limp over Jennifer's arm as she tried to insert her into a blue jersey.

"We were torpedoed, Jennifer. Jennifer, we were torpedoed," Deryk was saying over and over again, shivering. "Why doesn't Mrs. Allison come? Why doesn't she?"

"She'll be here any minute now," Jennifer assured him. "Don't be a silly little boy. She'll be here in a minute." But it would be bad luck, Jennifer thought, if Mrs. Allison had forgotten them, if she had run up all those flights of stairs to the lifeboat station and forgotten Anne and Deryk and Jennifer entirely.

They were dressed now, and they sat on the edge of Jennifer's berth. She held Anne and rocked her back and forth.

"We were torpedoed. We were," Deryk said over and over. "Why doesn't Mrs. Allison come?"

Why didn't she?

And wasn't the bow of the boat beginning to lift now, and the stern sinking?

"Remember the stores Daddy used to tell us about the sea nymphs, Deryk," Jennifer said desperately. "Remember Thetis, Achilles' mother. She used to drive a chariot made out of a great sea shell, and she had dolphins for horses—"

"We've been torpe—" wailing now.

"Listen, Deryk. If we have we'll go for a boat ride in the lifeboats. Perhaps we'll see Thetis in her chariot. Perhaps she'll take us for a ride in it. She lives in a cave under the sea, Deryk—stop shivering and listen. Perhaps she'll take us down to her cave. She has lots of sea nymph sisters, and they all live in lovely caves under the sea and play games, and they might let us play with them—London Bridge and Musical Chairs with the sea nymphs—"

If they should be in a lifeboat for days and days, as the men were after the Mutiny on the Bounty, it would be a good thing for Deryk to have something jolly to think about. It might cheer him up to think about playing Musical Chairs with sea nymphs in deep green glistening caves.

There seemed to be no sound of anyone alive on the boat now; only the creakings and squeakings of boards and bolts, and even the engine seemed to have stopped its throbbing. Mrs. Allison must have forgotten them and everybody else, too, have gone off safely in the lifeboats.

It was not too good if they had been left alone.

"We'll go out and see what has happened," Jennifer said, and, disobeying orders and feeling guilty, she took Anne in her arms with great difficulty because they were all wearing their heavy life jackets. Then they went out

of the cabin door into the larger corridor. A woman in a red bathrobe with her hair in steel curlers came toward them from a distance.

"Whatever are you doing up at this time of night with your little brother and sister?" the woman said. "You are a naughty little girl, aren't you?"

"We were torpedoed—we were torpedoed," Deryk said, and clung to Jennifer's sleeve.

"Nonsense," the woman answered. "A big wave hit the ship. Now run back and go to sleep."

So they went back to bed. But Deryk was right, only the torpedo had been a dud.

MONTREAL! "Look, Deryk," Jennifer said to him. "That's Montreal. We're in Canada." He stood at the rail beside her and Anne. He was wearing his grey flannel shorts and jacket and a floppy sun hat. His knapsack was strapped over his shoulders. Almost all the little boys were dressed as he was, and the girls had on print dresses and school blazers. They carried knapsacks over their backs, too.

They sang "There'll Always Be An England," and exchanged greetings with the workmen on the docks.

They were jolly lucky here, Jennifer thought, and the Great Fear was left behind as they stepped off on the dock.

The Great Fear was left, but another floated up and took its place the minute they were in the train going to their final destination. Would the committee whose care they were under separate Jennifer and Deryk and Anne?

"If possible, don't let them put you into different houses," her father had said to her. "Of course you must accept whatever they say is best, but if possible, if you can manage it courteously, stay together; then you can take care of the other two."

But what if they should be put into separate families after all? What if Anne should be taken away and put with a woman who smacked her and let her cry and cry and cry for hours; poor little Anne weeping in a wet ball in her crib? And what if Deryk were put in a family with a lot of boys who bullied him, and he grew up and forgot their mother and father.

All these worries ran backward and forward through Jennifer's mind in the train. Her head ached and she rested it on the cushion of the seat back, but it still ached. Anne was asleep on her lap and was not as tidy as Jennifer should have liked. She was worried about that, too, and about Deryk's hands which were not at all clean. They should all be clean and tidy when they arrived.

The other children were excited, looking out of the windows, running up and down the aisles drinking ice water, talking and laughing with some reporters and other people who had come to meet them and ride up on the train with them.

Jennifer was thinking, "I wonder why I don't care about getting there. I'm not a girl of thirteen any longer. I feel as old as a Granny. Inside me I'm a Granny in disguise as a girl with long legs and sandals and short skirts and yellow hair." She felt like a very tired Granny whose head ached and buzzed and who kept thinking, "It will be dreadfully bad luck, really, if they take Anne and Deryk away."

It seemed that for awhile at least they were not to be separated. They were all taken to a lovely place; a group of red brick buildings linked together by long

Continued on page 35



#### TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

London Bridge is falling down,  
Falling down, falling down,  
My Fair Lady.

Be it said to your renown  
That you wore your gayest gown  
And bravest smile  
AND STAYED IN TOWN!  
While London Bridge  
Was falling down, falling down,  
My Fair Lady.

(Reprinted from the Chicago Tribune, traditionally an isolationist and "keep-out-of-the-war" newspaper.)

As for Vic Oliver, he declared he knew nothing about the whole affair, except that he had promised to help the girl study dancing. American reporters mobbed Randolph. Finally he got hold of his sister and got rooms for them both in the same hotel. Conferences with Vic Oliver and numerous lawyers followed, and the world was told that the Churchill family had "withdrawn all objections, and told Sarah she could do exactly as she pleased."

In the States, before the engagement was definitely announced, Sarah danced in Vic Oliver's Boston show and was billed as "Britain's Runaway Dancing Debutante." Next she "made" Broadway, and was presented by Vic Oliver himself in a sophisticated ballroom waltz. This time the finale in which they appeared was entitled "The International Lovers."

A few days after Vic Oliver obtained his American citizenship, he and Sarah were married very quietly, at Christmas time, 1936, in the New York City Hall. The family 3,000 miles away in England, knew nothing about this newcomer except that he was sixteen years older than Sarah and a professional jester. "Whatever they do is all right; it's got to be," said Winston, with his typical philosophy where his family were concerned. The day the couple sailed for England from New York, Churchill himself was supposed to be on the Atlantic on a rest trip to Palm Beach, Florida. But he postponed the trip in order to be home to greet his daughter and his new son-in-law, who hurried out to Chartwell and made up any disagreements, the minute they arrived.

To do justice to Vic Oliver, he has not let his relationship to the Churchills alter the course of his chosen career. He has become very successful. His type of sophisticated humor produces some hundred thousand dollars a year. Both Mr. and Mrs. Churchill attended his wartime show, "Black Velvet," in which he makes several wisecracks about his distinguished father-in-law. The then First Lord of the Admiralty sat with his wife in a conspicuous box on the opening night, and thoroughly enjoyed himself.

Vic Oliver lives in harmony with his wife, whom he encouraged from the start to take up straight acting, independent of his own stage activities. Their flat is in a new Thames Embankment development called Westminster Gardens. It is in the front line of the Battle of Britain, but it has an excellent air-raid shelter, and Vic Oliver keeps the other tenants lighthearted while he plays bridge in his own allotted corner, and wisecracks.

There, too, in Westminster Gardens, home of smart young moderns, Randolph has a flat. Not long after the outbreak of war he turned to the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Digby and said, "I'm my father's only son, the last of the line. I'm going to France. I ought to get married before I go. How about it?" The Honorable Pamela Digby consented. She is a fine, buxom, sensible girl, and she makes an excellent level-headed Mrs. Randolph. Within a

year after her marriage she fulfilled her duty as an Englishman's wife and presented her husband with the heir he had hoped for. The youngest of the Churchills is a healthy baby boy, and he is the pride and joy of the harassed life of Great Britain's Prime Minister.

WHEN THE war came, Winston Churchill, the fighter, who had for years warned of the danger latent in the rearming Nazi Germany, came once more into his own. He was again made First Lord of the Admiralty, and he moved with his wife back into Admiralty House, after an absence of twenty-five years.

At first Mary, the seventeen-year-old youngest daughter, who most nearly resembles Mrs. Churchill in personality and appearance, stayed on in the country, which she loves. She is the least spectacular of the Churchill children, and now the only one still unmarried. She was to have come out in 1940, and been presented at court, but all such functions, because of the war, have been wiped out. This rather pleases Mary, as she is a retiring girl, and she was quite content to make her debut en masse at a war funds ball at Grosvenor House.

Mary was not able to remain very long at Chartwell, where she was living in one of the cottages with a housekeeper. Soon, at her father's request, she too moved up to London to be with her parents at Admiralty House. She went about London simply and unobtrusively, by bus and by underground, usually without being recognized. One day last spring at Admiralty House she was sighing over her knitting. "I seem to be the wrong age for everything," she said. "All I can do at seventeen is sit here and knit."

Just at that moment the greatest Englishman of the day walked into the room. His massive head, so expressive of the indomitable British bulldog that rules his spirit, hung slightly forward, and on his face was an expression of sad weariness. There had been some bad sinkings that week. Churchill was working many hours a day, and, as in the last war, snatching what sleep he could occasionally at his desk with his head on his arm. He did not notice anyone in the room until, suddenly—away went Mary's half-knitted khaki sock, as she flew to greet him. Impulsively she threw her arms around his neck. His whole expression changed. Preoccupied gloom was replaced by a grateful smile.

"Oh, Daddy," she said, "you were wonderful today on the wireless. We all heard you and we were very proud. Good old Daddy." Winston's smile broadened. As he walked from the room his step was lighter and his head more erect. Mary's eyes were shining. A witness of the intimate little scene reminded her that, if she could continue to keep happy the great man, on whom so many eyes are turned at this hour for leadership and encouragement, she would be doing a war job of inestimable value to the world. ■

## SLIP COVERS

So many of Chatelaine's readers have requested information on making slip covers, that we are glad to announce this new bulletin in our series. It costs only five cents. Order number 2101 from

Service Bulletin Department,

*Chatelaine*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto

## Lady Esther says "You're Invited to a 'COMING-OUT PARTY' for your NEW-BORN-SKIN!"

Your skin is growing, blooming beneath your old surface skin . . . waiting for the gift of beauty which you can do so much to bring it. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you endow your New-Born Skin with loveliness.



A NEW-BORN SKIN! Think of the hope for new beauty in those words. It's nature's radiant promise to you . . . and a scientific fact. For *right now*, as you look in your mirror . . . every hour of the day and night a new skin is coming to life!

As a flower loses its petals, so your old skin is flaking away in almost unseen particles. But there's danger to your New-Born Skin in these tiny flakes, and in the dirt and impurities that crowd into your pores. Those dry flakes so often rob you of beauty. They cling in patches, keep powder from being smooth, may give a faded look to your New-Born Skin.

**Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help nature to gently remove those drab flakes, so your skin can be gloriously re-born.**

As each new layer of skin crowds upward, your skin is being re-born. My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps it grow in beauty. It soothes as it gently lifts away the old skin flakes. It softens accumulated dirt . . . helps Nature refine your pores.

### Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the finest and purest of creams can help your skin to be as beautiful as it can be! Ask your doctor (and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin) about the face cream you are now using.

Ask him, too, if every word Lady Esther says is not true—that her face cream removes the dirt, the impurities and worn-out skin, and helps your budding skin to be more beautiful.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. See how gently it permeates and lifts the dry skin and dirt . . . giving you a first glimpse of your New-Born Skin!

### ★ PROVE AT MY EXPENSE ★

LADY ESTHER,  
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(2-42)

**FREE** Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

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# How dangerous is Whooping Cough?



**WHOOPING COUGH** is a highly contagious disease that strikes most savagely at babies less than two years old.

Nearly fifty per cent of all cases of whooping cough occur during the first two years of life . . . while two-thirds of the deaths it causes occur during the first year.

In addition to the terrible toll directly taken by this disease, it sometimes causes permanent heart damage and may lower resistance to pneumonia and tuberculosis.

It is spread by discharges from the nose and throat of those who have whooping cough—even in its earliest stages. So it is vitally important to do everything in your power to keep children, especially infants, away from any persons who cough or appear to have colds.

## When to Suspect This Disease

The first signs of this enemy of the very young are so commonplace that all too frequently they go neglected.

They are the symptoms of many a common cold—running nose, a tight, dry cough, perhaps slight fever. But they should warn you to call your doctor immediately—particularly if the cough persists and grows worse at night.

When called in time, your doctor can do a great deal to relieve the child's distress. He will tell you how to isolate the child. He can help to guard against serious complications. He can advise when it is safe for the convalescent whooping cough patient to come in contact with others again, to resume play and school.

## Protecting Others

Your doctor will also determine whether the use of vaccine or serum on other children is advisable to protect them. Physicians in increasing numbers report a favourable experience in immunizing children against whooping cough by these means.

To help parents protect their children, Metropolitan offers a newly revised free leaflet called "Whooping Cough." Address Booklet Department 2-L-41, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

## Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

NEW YORK

FREDERICK H. ECKER  
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CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA

shattered by her brother's scathing onslaught. In fact he smiled in a manner of superior and amused tolerance. But when he replied, it was uncomfortably telling. Uncomfortable, that is, for Findlay and for Randolph. Randolph's sister wasn't so sure how she felt about it; something had happened to her. It was disturbing in a different sort of way.

When the campaigning was over, Diana and Sarah went along with Randolph to see the excitement of the count. Diana was especially excited. There he was again, that attractive Sandys man, and very charming to them all, in spite of everything. He won the election. And not long afterward he won Diana.

So once again her father gave Diana away. The first marriage had been a failure. Clementine and Winston had been miserable when their daughter had differences with John Bailey only a month or so after her wedding. But this time they felt that it really would be all right. They wanted Diana to be happy, and surely this young man could make her so. He had come to politics by way of Eton, Oxford and the Diplomatic Service, and spoke a language that Winston understood. He was a fighter and, what is more, a successful fighter.

Diana's second wedding was quiet, as quiet as the grey cloth frock she wore for it. There was no splash this time; in fact those few invited friends who arrived at the church had to knock at the door to get in. It was St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, one of the charming old worshipping places in London's East End that have been a target for Nazi bombers in the battle for Britain. Quiet though the wedding was, the usual crowd gathered. Again Winston and his daughter were cheered, and Randolph rushed to meet his mother and make a clear pathway for her. There were no thousand guests at a glittering ballroom reception. The family luncheon was quiet and intimate.

The marriage is a success. A son was born within a year or so, and Winston and Clementine were delighted with their first grandson. The child was christened, in keeping with the family tradition, in the Crypt of the House of Commons. Mary, youngest and quietest of Winston's children, was included by being made a godmother. The names given were Julian George Winston. Thus in the tenderness of the moment, the young parents expressed their admiration for the colorful leader of a very happy family. The Sandys now also have a baby girl, Edwina, and the grandparents adore both these members of the newest generation.

## Sarah Churchill

THE MOST vivid of Winston Churchill's children is undoubtedly Sarah. She has always been a rebel. She was a war baby, born at the Admiralty while her father was in the thick of the Antwerp siege. She spent many nights, then as now, in an air-raid cellar. She it was who pretended to be asleep, while Diana and Randolph gave the game away by fighting in their bunks. Poor Sarah was always getting into trouble and causing her father and mother untold anxiety. She fell off a fifteen-foot wall and landed on her back. She tripped over a barbed wire fence while racing across the fields with Randolph, and cracked her head open. That time she nearly bled to death as they carried her home. She had a calamity with a scooter that left a nick in her knee. Small wonder her parents were flabbergasted when so

clumsy a tomboy later developed a passion for dancing.

Sarah loved the thrill of election campaigning. She claims that the tours she made with her father were good training for the stage. "We became quite used to being booed and hissed, and even pelted with bricks," she once told a reporter. "Bricks often came into the car. It was marvellous training for the stage, because neither boos nor bricks can disturb me now."

Charles B. Cochran, the famous producer, was sitting one day in his office when he walked a green-eyed, pale-faced, red-headed beauty who said she was Sarah Churchill and that she wanted a job. "Does your mother know you're here?" asked "C.B." Finally she convinced him that her family had nothing to do with her dancing, so he gave her a trial. She was good. Still Cochran was worried, and he wrote a personal note on the subject to her father.

Accustomed as they were to the unusual, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill were very much taken aback. They had noticed Sarah's excitement when they took her to the annual festival at Salzburg; they had enjoyed her debut. They knew she had a penchant for the stage, and they knew she had been exhausting herself with dancing lessons. There was a family conference, with the same result as always. Sarah was to have her own way, and Churchill wrote to tell Cochran that he had no objections, if the girl was good enough. As a matter of fact he was rather proud that she had attained such success on her own, and he gave her his blessing.

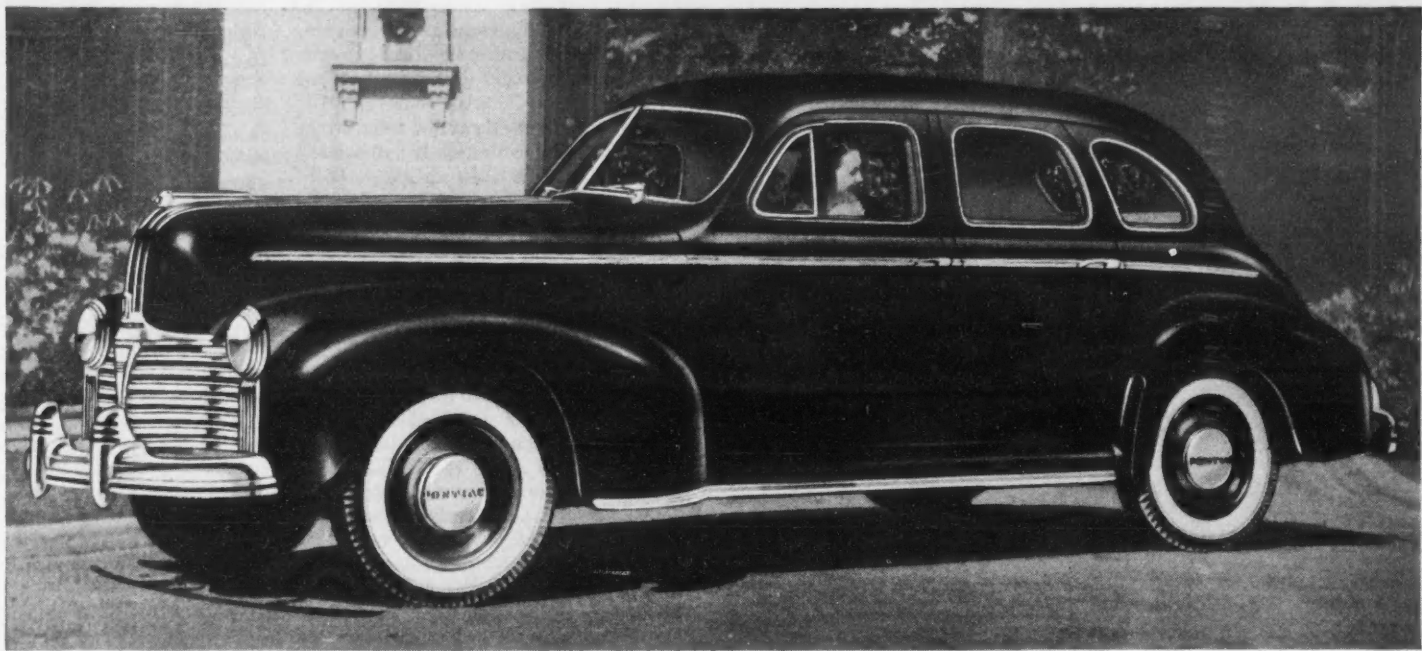
When "Follow The Sun" opened in Manchester, Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies included Sarah Churchill in a prominent part of the chorus. Just as she went north to support her son's political venture, Clementine Churchill now went north again, for her daughter's stage debut. Whatever her children do, she stands by them. She went to the first night of the revue, and entered into the spirit of the show by giving a rattling good party at the Midland Hotel for her stage-struck child. Sarah wisely forgot the fact that she was anything but a chorus girl, and was extremely popular with the rest of the cast.

"One for all and all for one" is the Churchill motto. When the show came to London the rest of the family, including Winston, went to see it. He thoroughly enjoyed himself, and went backstage afterward to congratulate his daughter. By this time Mrs. Churchill, infinitely patient and loyal, had sat through the revue four times.

One of the stars of "Follow The Sun" was Vic Oliver, an Americanized Viennese with a rough-and-ready charm. He went back to the United States at the close of the show.

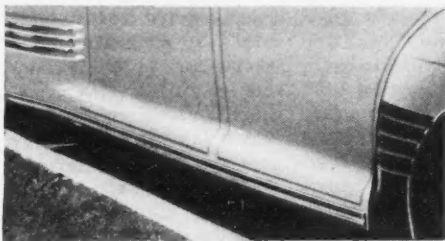
Shortly afterward Sarah slipped out quietly one day from Chartwell. She told her mother she was going to the hairdresser in London. She didn't return. She took the *Bremen* for New York, with intention of marrying Vic Oliver. As she left she slipped into the hand of her only confidante, Jenny Nicholson, a Dorchester Hotel cabaret girl, a letter to her parents. Luckily, Jenny put it on the train for Westerham at once. The next day Randolph was dispatched to follow the eloping girl across the Atlantic. Diana Sandys flew to her mother's side to comfort her. The Atlantic wireless sparkled as Randolph, on the *Queen Mary*, implored his sister on the *Bremen* to do nothing until he could reach New York.

WE'VE MADE IT WHAT IT IS TODAY...

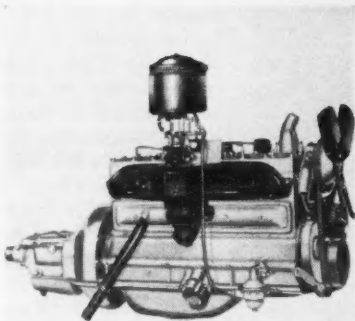


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**KNEE-ACTION** of Most Advanced Design is standard throughout the line. Knee-Action, Balanced Springing, Low Centre of Gravity combined with other special features make the Pontiac ride a silken glide.

THOUSANDS of motorists are fast reaching the same conclusion: "The Pontiac Fleetleader is the outstanding buy in the lowest-price field!"

This is no mere claim. For the Pontiac Fleetleader combines with low price the more desirable features of higher-priced cars, such as New 90 hp L-Head Engine . . . Most Advanced Knee-Action . . . New Full-Vision "Torpedo" Bodies with Concealed Running Boards . . . "Shockless Steering" . . . Safety Shift Gear Control . . . Sealed Beam Headlamps with separate parking lights . . . Automatic Choke . . . New Full-Flow, Built-in, Permanent Oil Cleaner . . . and simply dozens of others!

Pontiac's "Torpedo" styling not only lifts the car to new heights of radiant beauty—but it's so practical, too. Full advantage has been taken of the possibilities "Torpedo" styling presents to build bodies that are longer, lower, wider. This means greater roominess, comfort, safety and convenience.

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1941  
**PONTIAC** Fleetleader



# LIL ABNER by AL CAPP

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## What You Make It :: Continued from page 9

them holding a low, murmurous conversation about herself. It made the going easier; as though she were living in a camp of enemies.

She waited until the last minute before she telephoned their friends— Louise Gunther, Caroline Heitshu, Dot Martin, and all the others. Then she bubbled about her opportunity to serve an apprenticeship in interior decoration. The opening came so suddenly. Ted was willing to have her try it. Such a lark! She laughed artificially. Fibbed glibly, and sailed out of Chesterton calm and dignified.

The sense of rightness, the sense that she had done what was best, was strengthened as Polly stepped off the train. The very air of the city was different—less pure, perhaps, but certainly less raw, with all its implications. The lack of provincial dawdling, the bustle of purpose, the feeling that life was here around you—was captivating.

THE SHOP of Campbell and Koch was some distance from the centre of the city. It proved a reserved-looking place in a reserved-looking street. Just as Polly would have it be.

She opened the door with a sense of heady expectancy. The heated dimness of the place closed over her like tropical waters. She paused, absorbing the sensation while the slightly confined odor registered, with its tincture of furniture and printed stuffs.

Then Della came out of some deep recess in the back of the place, looking so smartly turned out in beige corduroy that Polly felt again the full tide of her awed admiration. Della kissed her gaily and lightly on a cheek, then perched on an antique stool while she waved Polly to a Regency sofa.

"You were right to come, little Polly," she said in a low judicial voice, after hearing Polly's somewhat breathy account. For the shop distracted Polly. The shop, and Della's modishness, and the city itself, pressing outside the shop windows. It all made her tale of Chesterton, and Ted's and her differences, sound a bit incoherent and family spattish; just small and picayune. But Della understood.

"Your life was wrong, my dear. Wrong for you," she said gravely. "I'm not condemning Ted. He has something. He's good-looking. Very. Such electric blue eyes and so tall and lean—but, forgive me, Polly dear—your friends! Your life in Chesterton! It's unleavened. Flat! You have something to give. You have a right to receive. There was nothing in Chesterton to get. You will meet interesting people here. People who live deeply, little Polly, as you will yourself." A customer came in for Venetian blinds. Then Della resumed their discourse.

There wouldn't be much for Polly to do, she explained. Business wasn't so up and up. But she could observe and learn, and most of all live. "You will be living fully, and that, my dear, is very very necessary," Della confided. "And you will begin now. I'm going to take you to the best cafeteria in the city for lunch. We will probably see someone of interest there."

Della put on a clever topcoat and hat, and they stepped into the early winter day. They came to the cafeteria and went down marble steps into heat like cotton, into a modern setting of chrom-

ium, black leather and straight clean lines. The food was good, the people nice and the voices above the clatter of dishes stimulating.

Polly grew excited. She talked volubly, and watched everyone. What a contrast to the still waters of the Ilipton dining room and her lone salad. This was satisfying, this fed her something she'd been craving for years.

Della's eyes, combing the crowd, had fastened on someone.

"There's Marcel Levec. The table next the wall, beside the woman in wine." Della indicated a fat, curly-haired man with thick lips. "Marcel's an amazing musician and clever composer. He had his own orchestra in Budapest."

Polly tingled with feeling. This was a really splendid departure from Bill Gunther and Chesterton Packed Products.

Marcel saw Della and came over. He was badly and baggily dressed. He sat down at Della's invitation and smiled first at her and then at Polly, and the smile curled his full lips like the edges of a trumpet flower. His eyes were drowned in the high lights of thick spectacles. He made no comment when Della explained who Polly was, only smiled at her, while he drummed with his fat stubby fingers on the table top.

Della did all the talking. She invited Marcel to her apartment that night. "We'll have a soiree for little Polly and be very gay. You must do your part, Marcel. I want her to hear you play."

Marcel nodded and smiled. "You will like the city? Yes?" he said. Then rose still smiling, and left them.

Just as Della and Polly got up, Della nodded to a thin dark woman brushing by their table on the way out.

"That's Lucien Damon's wife," Della's whisper was sharp. "Lucien's that gifted writer I told you of—the one who's so magnetic. Elizabeth Damon's simply poisonous to him. Does everything she can to belittle and crush him."

Polly watched the dark hawk-faced woman going up the stairs ahead of them, and thought she looked capable of being savage. Her step was so quick and firm.

Della went back to the shop, and Polly to the little furnished apartment reserved for her. She found it on a narrow bricked street jarring with city cars and traffic. The house had once been a fine old residence, but had been turned into a number of small apartments. The entrance was still good, but the hall was scuffed, and musty with shut-in air, though Polly didn't mind. She liked the mysterious closed doors along the halls. Doors that filtered sounds of unknown living and tantalized with promise.

She found her apartment on the third floor back. It had two rooms filled with cumbersome furniture and a big bath with old-fashioned plumbing. The bed was a little sunken, and the outlook from it of a small segment of sky and grimed roof certainly more depressing than the cope of birches at home. Still that was small city—this was big. You couldn't have everything.

The rooms, after a tour of inspection, proved quite habitable. A tiny gas stove in the bathroom made breakfasting and light lunches possible, if she wanted them. But she'd go out for most of her meals. It was more fun being thrown

Continued on page 24

Della's crowd in the evenings at someone's apartment.

Once a week she wrote a letter to Ted. A forced, stilted letter saying she was well and busy. Once a week Ted wrote to her, the same kind of letter, without meaning. And of course she wrote to Aunt Tessie.

After she'd been in the city two weeks, Aunt Minn, who'd been responsible for Della's visit, wrote:

Dearest Polly—

What's this I hear about your decorating with Della Campbell? Did I start something by sending Della to stop with you? Ted'll get in my wool. Della's fun, child, but don't take her too seriously. Outside of her very real ability with a yard of cretonne and a thumbtack, she hasn't too much above the nose. You had something pretty nice in your own home and Ted—don't underrate it. Remember any life can be monotonous. It's the interest you put in it that keeps it livable.

Words of wisdom, and much love,  
From your venerable Aunt Minn.

Polly smiled and put the letter away. It was so transparent. That was Aunt Tessie's doing. Aunt Tessie was Aunt Minn's oldest sister. Della had a great deal above the nose. She was an intensely alert, interesting woman. And not all life was monotonous; the one Polly was leading now wasn't.

But Polly found it got to be. She found the soirées became tedious. She found they were all alike, when the novelty wore off. So much so that she used a feeble headache as an excuse for declining an invitation to a party at Della's one night. The thought of the whole crowd irritated her. Their posy, informed talk bored. She was tired of pretending she liked Marcel Levec's compositions. They were all alike, and they were bad. She'd seen Della so much in the shop her piquant expressions had become familiar, and so had the way her mind worked. She admitted to herself she'd rather stay home and read, but she didn't have a chance. For Lucien Damon rang the bell of her apartment.

"I thought you'd be at Della's," she said as she opened her door. Damon was so admittedly Della's interest, Polly never thought of him apart from her.

"I was. But Della said you were staying home. Mayn't I come in and talk to you? I'm so bored—and a little lonely. You're quite different from Della's other friends, you know," he added simply.

THAT WAS the beginning, but it wasn't the end. For Lucien came too often, and Polly wanted him to. His coming lifted life again. He was never sentimental, only friendly, delightfully so; but his glance and the tenderness of his voice told Polly what he felt. He never spoke of his wife, and Polly mentioned her only once. It was in reference to their both being married, but his look of pain let her know the subject was unbearable. She thought of the dark, hawk-faced woman she'd seen in the cafeteria. She must be a virago to live with! He was silent whenever she mentioned Ted, so she avoided any reference to him. Lucien did all the talking. He talked endlessly. Of the book he was writing. Of his philosophy. His struggle with life. His dreams. Never had Polly been so absorbed.

Calmly she measured his difference

with Ted, and found Ted lacking. Ted had a good mind, but he was too unwilling to use it for cultural things.

Polly spent her days in the shop half-listening to Della's chatter, which had grown superficial, and her evenings waiting for Lucien's coming. He came every night if only for an hour.

"I must. It's selfish, I know," he apologized. "But I've never known anyone with your understanding."

Aunt Tessie wrote a letter full of Chesterton news. Louise Gunther's sister, Kay, was visiting Louise. A pretty, lively girl. Ted had them to dinner. Polly wasn't interested. She found her weekly letter to Ted became more forced. Her thoughts were on Lucien.

Then one evening when Lucien was with her, Marcel Levec called. Marcel sat smiling and silent, but observant. And he told Della. Polly felt afterward that Della had sent him to spy, for Della showed her annoyance. She showed it in an aloofness of manner. And she sent Polly on exhaustive scouting expeditions to squalid sections of the city for bits of fabric, Chinese brocades, French damask and metal embroideries, to be used for telephone-book covers and portrait frames. The search was monotonous and wearing. Polly tramped the city endlessly, rifling collections of old stained goods, and lunched in whatever spot she happened to be. And Della was pointedly critical of what she brought back. Only Lucien made life bearable. Polly would stop at a little shop on the way home for mushrooms. Lucien was fond of them. She'd cook them on her tiny stove in the bathroom, serving them with an egg and sherry sauce, English biscuit and grapes. Lucien would talk earnestly of what he'd write when his trilogy was done. Of what life meant to him. His analysis of its complexity.

Polly had learned not to talk, only to listen. At first she made contributions, but Lucien swept them aside humorously, or lopped off their heads with his expressive brows quizzical. Once she wedged a query on a current topic, a taxi strike, between his floods of eloquence. Ted would have known all about that—but Lucien dismissed it with a smiling shrug as unworthy of comment. And Polly sat back, resentful and certain you ought to know what was going on in the city where you lived, even if you were intellectual. But most of the time she was impressed. He was utterly different from anyone she'd ever known.

THEN ONE night Lucien kissed her. It happened without warning when he was leaving.

"You're beautiful," he said sombrely.

For the moment Polly wasn't happy. This would shift the delicate balance they'd managed. A balance that kept their relationship interesting and permissible. "Please—"

"But you are. Intensely beautiful. And different. So disturbingly different. Do you know what you mean to me, Polly?" He took her suddenly in his arms. "Do you know what you'll always mean to me, darling?"

But Polly's palms were against him. "Please, Lucien, don't spoil what we have. It's been so nice. Besides we can't forget you have someone else, and so have I."

"And we also have each other," he said softly. "I love you, Polly. And you love me. This is inevitable. We're drawn together by an attraction there's



"He stretched  
and he stretched  
for those tender  
little leaves!"



**1** I thought Aunt Bess was going to explode when John got off his smart remark about her tea! "It looks like rain," said Aunt Bess, glancing out of the window. "Yes, it looks like rain," said John, his eyes on his tea cup, "but it *tastes* a little like *tea*."



**2** We took the children to the zoo. "Do you know how the giraffe got his neck, Aunt Bess?" John asked when we came to that fascinating animal. "Now you're going to make a joke!" said Aunt Bess. "All right, Mr. Kipling, how did the giraffe get his neck?"



**3** "It was like this, Aunt Bess," said John. "The giraffe discovered that the more he stretched, the more little, tender leaves he could reach. So he kept stretching and stretching for those delicious little tender leaves—and after a few million years he got that neck!"



**4** "Nature's wonderful!" said Aunt Bess. "It is," John said, "so we're going to take a lesson from an expert—the giraffe! We're going to buy young, TOP leaves of the tea plant—a package of TENDER LEAF TEA—and enjoy the grandest cup of tea you ever tasted!"

Your grocer has Tender Leaf Brand Tea in 7- and 12-oz. packages—and in the new FILTER tea balls. Enjoy the finer flavor and fragrance of the choice, young tea leaves—today!



Blended and Packed in Canada

Listen to "One Man's Family" on the CBC Network every Sunday



# "How I won my stepchild's confidence"

A young stepmother solves one old problem the modern way



1. I'm John's second wife. And when I married him, I married his little girl, too. It's worked out beautifully, except . . . well . . . you know how it is in a small town. If Nancy should happen to be crying when some busybody passes by, the whole town hears about how I "mistreat that poor motherless child."



2. Well, I love Nancy so dearly that I refuse to spoil her . . . gossip or no gossip. And this morning, when she refused to take her laxative again, I forced her to. She flew into a tantrum and cried, "My real mommy never made me take that nasty-tasting stuff—you don't love me!"



4. "I used to force my children to take a bad-tasting laxative," Laura said. "But, according to the doctor, that may shock a child's delicate nervous system. He said children should never get an adult's laxative. They should get a nice-tasting, gentle one—one made especially for children. He recommended Castoria."



6. The minute Laura left, I went right out and bought a bottle of Castoria. It's everything she said it was, PLUS a peace-maker. Nancy loves the taste of it . . . and our laxative tussles are ended. Now we're friends all the time.



3. That hurt so much I burst into tears. When my sister, Laura, dropped in a few minutes later, I told her about it—how Nancy kicked up a fuss every time she had to take a laxative. And right then and there, Sis explained how her doctor had solved the same problem for her.



5. "And believe me, it's wonderful!" Laura went on. "Castoria is thorough . . . yet it's always mild and safe. There isn't a single harsh drug in it. It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't likely to upset a child's digestion. I wouldn't dream of giving the children anything but Castoria."

## HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: (1) In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite or digestion or cause nausea . . . (2) Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . (3) In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

**CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative for children

with people. Her trunk came and she unpacked it, hanging her dresses on her peach velvet hangers with a sense of adventure. She'd dress for Della's soiree after dinner. Her eye reserved her most becoming informal dinner dress for the occasion. A black crepe girdled in gold, with great full-gathered sleeves caught below the elbow, and a deep square neck.

At six-thirty she went down the street to a tea house for dinner. It had started raining. A thin light drizzle. Polly stood on the doorstep and looked at the city. It was beautiful. Lights caught in nets of mist above wet streets and black shadows. It was strange and lovely. A land of enchantment. Even the tires hissing on damp macadam sang of adventure.

The tea house was little and snug, and warm with the odors of cooking. People going in and out of the small room made it seem personal and friendly. The food wasn't very good, but that didn't really matter. She'd had material comforts for years. Her spirit was being sustained now.

She went back to her apartment and bathed and dressed for Della's party. She brushed her hair in a smart red wave off her face; added gold earrings and bracelets. Touched her cheeks and lips with orange rouge. Put on black and gold sandals and her black dress. Took up a small gold bag, pulled on a red velvet wrap, and saw she was lovely.

DELLA'S APARTMENT was just down the street on the second floor of an old house similar to Polly's. But Della's rooms were as effective as Della herself, from the small olive wood piano and the old Italian carved pieces, to the hand-woven draperies and thoughtfully placed lamps. The curtains shut out the night, but back of them Polly was aware of the city's night voice; subdued but vibrant. Then Della's friends started coming. Marcel Levec first, still baggy, towing two Armenian friends.

"Virtuosi," he explained to Polly in a thick voice. Then lapsed into a smiling silence.

Della called the virtuosi, "Moe and Joe." They looked alike, with too much wiry black hair, melancholy dark eyes and full fallow faces. A radio singer came, a pretty, dark, piquant-faced girl with braided hair and dancing eyes. She was called Fern. Fern flirted impartially with Moe and Joe. Then an artist came, whose name Polly missed; a tall, pop-eyed man with a Vandyke beard, who was very gay and kissed Della too often. There was something of unreality in all of them. Fascinating unreality. Like people in a play. Then a group of three came, two women and a man. The women were painters, and the man was a columnist. His name was John Herbert, and Polly liked him. He was Ted's pattern. Same long lean body, and hollowed-to-the-bone sort of face. He wasn't like the others. He was a practical sort and showed it. He spotted Polly and came over to her.

"I see you're new here. What do you do?"

Everyone did something. Polly was on the defensive. "Nothing yet," she said. "But I'm going to," with conviction. They were creative, all of them. She thought of the Gunthers. Louise's conversations about her children, the endless bridges, the exchanged recipes, Bill's jokes. This life of Della's brought you to the core of things. The germinating centre that cultural life sprang from. These people were "Doers."

John Herbert drew her out and she was busy talking aims, when a man came in alone. Polly noticed everyone stopped talking, and she stopped too, for Della had cried, "Hello, Lucien. Come, you must meet Polly Lipton."

Lucien accepted the silence with admirable poise, also the introduction. Polly saw he had all the magnetism Della had assigned him. A tall, black-haired man, but so slight of frame he looked shorter than he really was, with a grace of movement quite remarkable in a man. It was a face that held the attention, strangely. A long, dark, clever face with a pair of eloquent eyebrows, alternately intense and indifferent, that seemed to light and dim the deeply set hazel eyes under them. Polly thought him quite lovely to watch. His eye met hers again and dismissed her. It piqued her. Then she saw why. He belonged to Della. Della had grown more animated with his coming. She was being young. Losing ten years to match Lucien's thirty-six, and being a little pitiful and eager doing it.

THEN THE evening began. Della ordered Marcel to the piano.

"Play your 'Cafeteria' for Polly. She had lunch in one today and can understand your composition the better."

Marcel rose willingly, placed his fat shapeless bulk on the piano bench, and played his composition. It sounded to Polly like a child's flat hands smacking keys at random, but she cried "Delightful!" as she knew Della would have done. Then she flushed faintly, for John Herbert's amused eye was on her. Marcel played "The City," another invention, equally discordant. Then everyone talked. Della served coffee, and cream cheese and chives on potato chips in Russian dishes.

Polly thought with disdain of Louise Gunther's evenings. Her spiced ham and devilled eggs, her sticky gingerbread and whipped cream; the farmers' food Bill Gunther liked.

Everyone responded to Polly's presence and put on his little act. Della made amusing comments on modern decoration as she'd done at Polly's house. But it was Lucien Damon who held the floor. No subject intimidated him. The arts, philosophy, science, all lay exposed and helpless before his passionate dissection. Polly was impressed. The evening passed swiftly. She thought it delightful. She thought of its superiority to anything Chesterton offered. She also thought as she crawled into bed that night, with some disquiet, of Ted. She could see him lying on his stomach with his face half-turned toward her, the way he always slept. It was late before she fell asleep. All street noise had died, but under the blanket of night the city lay big with promise. She was glad she had come. She had done the right thing. She was responsive to this vital, interested living. It led somewhere. It had a future. While there was nothing but ultimate destruction for both Ted and herself in fighting.

POLLY ENJOYED everything at first. Going to the shop each morning, though there wasn't much to do there. Feeling herself part of the business of the world. Hurrying along with an objective. Getting breakfast in a drugstore, lunching with Della in the cafeteria, chatting about new personalities, seeing an occasional play, hearing music, having dinner in a tea house, and meeting



# BEAUTY CULTURE

A DEPARTMENT OF STYLE, HEALTH AND PERSONALITY

## Good Looks

... 1941 VERSION

By Annabelle Lee

**H**AVE you ever really studied attractive women to see what makes them charming? First impressions are the most vivid in the majority of cases, although most of us have known women whose charm and subtle beauty grow on our awareness after several meetings.

Like most beauty writers, I take my "busman's holiday" by studying how women achieve their effects on any occasion—whether it's a brilliant dance or an important meeting.

The type of woman who can spend plenty of time in beauty salons is always attractively groomed and has a poise developed from her confidence in her own perfection. There's nothing like it—and there's nothing which will give you quite the lift you need sometimes, as will one of the simple salon treatments. If you've never had one—take one as soon as you can, and see how much it does for you.

But if you do not go regularly to a salon—if you are a busy business girl—or a chatelaine with little time to yourself—then you can learn the simple routine for your own dressing table. You can wear the aura of charming confidence which comes with care.

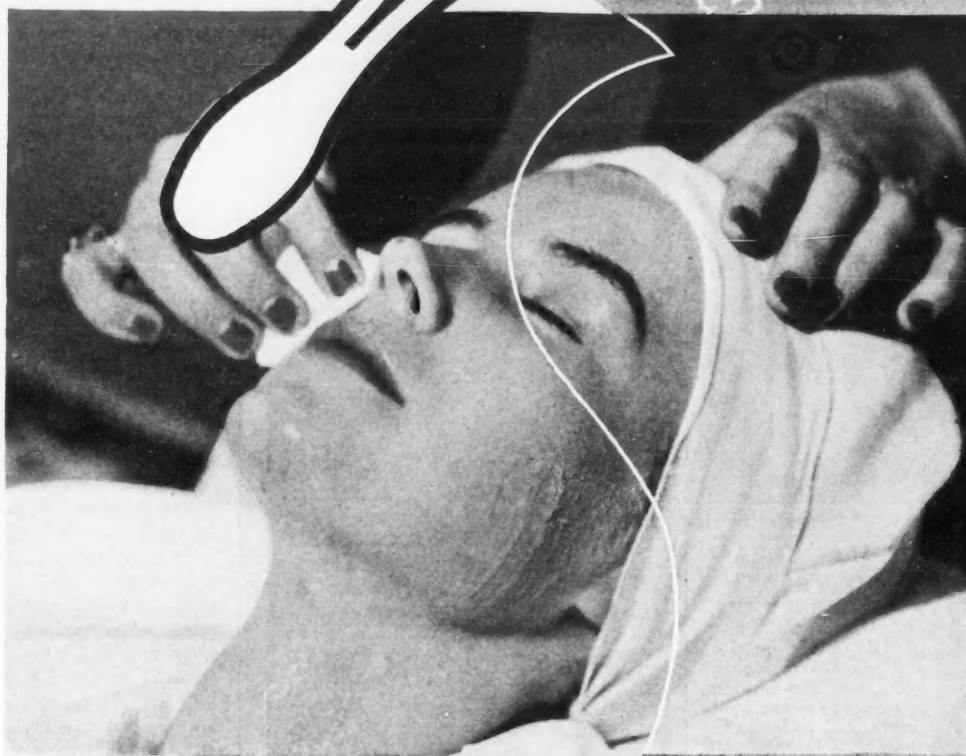
"Which comes with care"—that's the secret. If you care enough for your own beauty—and if you take the care. Exquisite grooming comes so quickly for so small an investment of time and money.

This year, more than ever, it's important for women to look their loveliest. That's why we're co-ordinating our beauty articles and presenting you with a course in charm and good grooming for 1941. We believe that one of the ways a woman can do her best work for her family, her community, her country—is by being her most attractive. For one thing she brings added pleasure to those she knows—for don't you always feel better with someone who is attractive? For another, a beautifully groomed woman *feels* better herself! She has more confidence . . . therefore more leadership. You'll find that in the majority of cases women who are really effective are also attractive—mostly by their own care and interest.

In our lessons in loveliness we're going to cover all beauty phases. You'll find this department filled, more than ever, with news notes, beauty routines, exercises—all designed to make you as attractive as you have the right to be.

The determination to find a few moments every day—to budget your time throughout the week to follow the various routines we'll suggest—rests with you.

Study the attractive women you know. See how much of it is due to their own intelligent workmanship! Then make your own resolutions—and watch these pages more carefully than ever. ■



Take a salon treatment to see just how effective a proper routine can be.



Then with your own daily routine, keep your skin at its loveliest.



\*Brenda Joyce and Robert Conway, popular 20th Century-Fox players. For romantic, soft hands, thousands of loved girls use Jergens Lotion.



*"When you bid for Love...  
your HANDS must  
be silken-soft,"*

*says Brenda Joyce\**  
(Romantic Hollywood Star)

WHY DID YOU  
TAKE THAT HORRID  
JANE BROWN  
TO THE DINNER?

WELL, SUE,  
JANE HAS SUCH  
SOFT, SMOOTH  
HANDS.



THAT SAME DAY

OF COURSE MY  
HANDS ARE ROUGH!  
I HAVE TO WASH  
THEM A DOZEN  
TIMES A DAY.

SUE, THAT'S NO  
EXCUSE. USE JERGENS  
LOTION. IT FURNISHES  
SKIN-SOFTENING  
MOISTURE THAT HELPS  
KEEP YOUR HAND  
SKIN LIKE VELVET.



### Know this Famous Way to Lovable HANDS

Try it just once! So soothing to parched skin! So quick to help smooth and soften! Two fine ingredients in Jergens Lotion are relied on by many doctors to help rough "likely-to-split" skin to adorable smoothness. Faithful use helps prevent hateful roughness and chapping. No stickiness. Start now to use Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00.

SUE TOOK HER FRIEND'S ADVICE—  
AND NOT LONG AFTER



OH, SUE,  
I LOVE YOUR  
SOFT HANDS!

**JERGENS  
LOTION**

FOR SOFT,  
ADORABLE HANDS



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW  
**FREE! YOUR CHANCE FOR LOVABLE HANDS**

(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, Ltd.,  
4321 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

I want to see how quickly Jergens Lotion helps me  
have soft hands. Please send my free purse-size bottle!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Prov \_\_\_\_\_

(MADE IN CANADA)

no withstanding. I knew when I came into Della's that first night how it would be with us. You can't go against a force as strong as this, little Polly, because I've tried." Vaguely through his kisses Polly felt a sense of irritation, coupled with her uncertainty. Lucien talked so much, even when he made love. It didn't seem sincere. And the thought of Ted troubled her.

"You must go. I want you to." She pushed him away.

"Yes, dear, I know," he sighed. "But you're sweet. I want to stay with you always, Polly. Always! But I'll go. I'll go home and work. Work will push the clock's hands around until I can see you again. Time stands so still when I'm away from you."

Long after Lucien left, Polly sat disturbed and thoughtful. Lucien was sure she loved him. But she wasn't sure. She felt herself too honorable to be Ted's wife and let another man make love to her. She felt sophisticated, but not that way. It was one thing to have Lucien's friendship and feel his attraction, but his actual love was something else. Did she really love him? And was she through with Ted? She couldn't find the answer to either question. The change of relationship had come too soon. There were so many things they'd never talked clear. Lucien's wife, Ted. Yes, and even herself. Lucien had never been curious about herself. He'd only talked of himself. Of course that was the symptom of a man in love, or was it? She felt the need of advice. Not that anyone could tell her what to do, though it cleared things to talk them out. But there was no one to consult except Della, and she was hostile. Then suddenly Polly decided Della's very hostility might be an aid. She'd probably be brutally honest. Besides Della must know by now that Lucien was serious in his feeling for her. She struggled with herself, then grabbed a coat and ran down the street to Della's apartment. Della always stayed up late.

Fern Lee, the radio singer who had an apartment next to Della's, was just going in the front door. She let Polly in with her, so Polly ran up to Della's rooms without ringing. She was halfway up the stairs when Della's sitting room door opened and Lucien Damon's voice preceded him out of the room.

"Good night, sweetheart. See you tomorrow night." His voice had the same tenderness he'd used for Polly. "Thanks again, awfully. Sorry I was held up coming."

For one moment Polly stood in utter disbelief, then she recovered herself, but her cheeks were flaming when Lucien came to the top of the stairs and saw her. She managed a bright satiric smile at his embarrassed face, and said humorously, "Well, here's our friend, the medical man, making rounds. But do you really call it work?" Then her smile died, and she looked at him with full-eyed contempt. "I won't be at home tomorrow night. In fact I won't be at home ever again—to you!"

Della heard her voice and came out, but Polly brushed past her into the apartment. Her color was gone when Della closed the door. She'd been a provincial fool to be taken in so. But nothing fooled her now. Not even Della's cheque book lying on the table with a fountain pen beside it.

"Della, you don't give him money—do you?"

"I do. Not that it's any affair of

yours. I know I'm crazy. Lucien knows it too. Hasn't he tapped you yet—or haven't you got that far?" Della's laugh was harsh.

"But, Della, hasn't he . . ."

"He hasn't anything except what his wife gives him. He's a fascinating loafer."

"But his writing?"

"He's been writing the same book for the past four years and hasn't got farther than the third chapter—if he's done that. That's as long as I've known him. He is brilliant, but he's also darned lazy. I got him three jobs on different newspapers, but he slept all day. His wife is beastly to him. I'd be too if I were his wife. She's a very capable artist who has to draw dress ads for a department store to feed herself and their two children and Lucien. I'm bitter right now and spilling beans because he's been two-timing with you—but I still love him. I said I was crazy. Of course he's not very different from a lot of men I know—darn few of them really take care of their wives. At least he's interesting, and that's more than you can say for most of them."

Polly went home to bed, but not to sleep. She shut Lucien out of her thoughts, but he came back wilfully. So she'd just been a pastime that was to become a financial asset, like poor Della. Not that she cared for Lucien. She knew now she hadn't cared at all, but her pride was hurt. Fearfully her mind tiptoed around a comparison with Ted. It was too awful. Ted was a man. All that was left was her work, but the city had lost its savor. She was aware suddenly of its dirt and nerve-racking noise. She got up fagged the next morning, snatched a shower and a cup of coffee and went to the shop.

DELLA WAS kind, even friendly, because Polly was through with Lucien. She gave her a real job. A woman named Humphreys wanted a bedroom and dressing room done over. Polly was to see what she could do.

It was a half hour's ride on the bus to the suburbs. The sight of the clean houses shining in sunlight and small children playing brought an ache to Polly's breast. Chesterton was suddenly appealing and homelike, but very far away—too far to go back.

Mrs. Humphreys' house had possibilities. But Mrs. Humphreys herself proved stupid. A fat, snub-nosed blonde who hadn't an idea. Polly was to have carte blanche. She was shown the rooms. She measured and studied them carefully, came back to the shop, worked with thought, and achieved, for a choice plans for two beautiful bedrooms and two novel dressing rooms. She was proud of them. Della had gone out of town, so she took the plans directly to Mrs. Humphreys. Mrs. Humphreys didn't like either of them. She didn't like anything Polly suggested. She swept her ideas arrogantly away. It seemed Mrs. Humphreys was full of ideas herself. She'd just waited to see what Polly could offer. According to her, Polly's plans weren't a bit tricky. They weren't cute. What Mrs. Humphreys wanted were touches of padded satin, chromium and silver stars. In fact Mrs. Humphreys was full of Hollywood ideas at their worst. When Polly attempted gently to advise, Mrs. Humphreys grew disagreeable and withdrew her order.

Polly went home filled with fatigue

Continued on page 34

## Straight from the Shoulder!

By CAROLYN DAMON

**A**RE you sleeve conscious? Ever realize that often as not when you find something vaguely un-smart and dowdy about an otherwise good-looking dress, it's the fit of the shoulderline that's all wrong? Watch it in your ready-mades. Too often the older woman gets a shoulderline that starts down somewhere above the elbow. And does it give her a droopy, ageing look around the back! Just as often the young thing yanks her arms up so tightly she's pulled into a viselike grip top sides, and looks as though she couldn't take a deep breath or raise her arm high enough to screw in a light bulb without bursting a gadget, or something.

A really good fit across the back and arms is one of those things that gives the really smart woman her indefinable air of having clothes grow on her. And this year it's simpler than it ever was before. Because whether you're eight or eighty, you want a good straightforward sleeve line. It may be the military influence. The up-and-coming girl of today has her shoulders, like her life, well in hand.

Here, for instance, are some of the smartest new sleeves being worn this spring. We picked 'em from the latest design. And you'll notice that even the dolman and the old girlish puff have taken on a square, trim look.

**No. 1.** At the top, for instance, is the new felled seam. By turning a seam, inside-out effect, on the line of your coat or dress, you give it emphasis and outline its swinging smartness. Better on coats and suits than soft stuff.

**No. 2.** Here's the new dolman, and it turns a neat trick of giving new life to your old evening dress. You know that low-cuts are pretty well out, don't you? Try this dolman in a different color and fabric—like filmy white chiffon in your black velvet; a lovely pottery yellow with your gold metallic, and so on.

**Nos. 3, 4 and 5.** Here are three more ideas for face lifting the top of your old dress to give it a new look. And if you're the girl at your office or club who always has something just a little bit different, do the dolman effect in No. 5 using rayon crepe with wool. That ruffled effect along the edge will be pretty devastating.

**No. 6.** Jumpers are tops in fashions, and so are little sleeveless jackets and jerkins. Watch for them this springtime. And a jumper offers such a magnificent solution for smartening up an old dress. Try a polka-dotted rayon with an old dress made over, and do these squared full sleeves with the tight cuffs.

**No. 7.** Here's the bracelet sleeve that has proved so smart for office girls. And for women who like their hands in the clear for knitting or card playing, or what have you. They're dressier for daytime than short ones, but they're ever so much more comfortable than long. You can do them in an old dress with a whole new top, like this. Be sure to wear a bracelet to take away the bare-wrist look.

**No. 8.** If you really must be feminine and have puffed sleeves, do them like this. More like flower petals than balloons. Notice the smart draped effect and the clear line at the shoulder top.



FELLED SEAMS  
SLEEVE TOP



NEWER SQUARED  
SHOULDER



TOP  
STREAMLINING  
SLEEVES  
WRIST



## MEN ALWAYS LOOK TWICE

AT A LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"!



HOW PALMOLIVE, MADE WITH OLIVE OIL,  
HELPS KEEP SKIN SMOOTH, ALLURING!

I ALWAYS GET JEALOUS WHEN I'M OUT WITH YOU! YOU KNOW SO MANY NICE MEN! I WISH I COULD TRADE MY DRY, LIFELESS SKIN FOR YOUR LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"! THEN MAYBE ALL THE MEN WOULD WANT TO MEET ME, TOO!

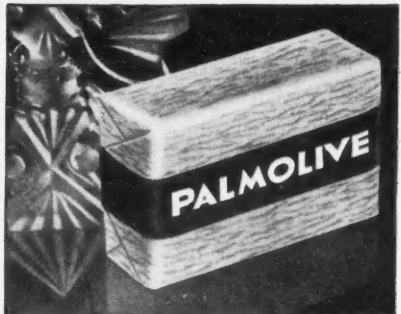
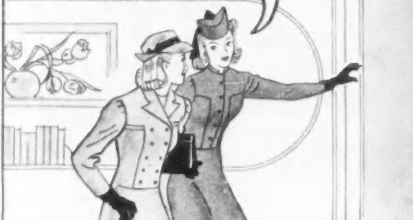


YOU KNOW, MARY, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU WHY YOU DON'T TRY PALMOLIVE SOAP! IT'S SUCH HELP IN GUARDING AGAINST DRY SKIN!

YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!



DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT SUCH A SIMPLE THING AS PALMOLIVE SOAP IS RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"? WELL, I'M GOING TO START USING IT THIS VERY DAY!



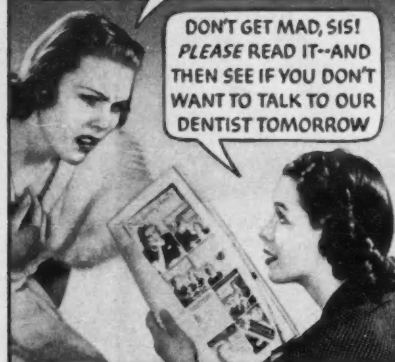
NEW LOW PRICE 5¢ PER CAKE



## HERE'S LONESOME LOU KNITTING ONE, PURLING TWO —SHE THINKS THE BAD BREATH ADS MEAN YOU!



ARE YOU TELLING ME TO READ THIS BAD BREATH AD?



DON'T GET MAD, SIS! PLEASE READ IT—AND THEN SEE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK TO OUR DENTIST TOMORROW

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



### COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



COLGATE'S special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odours that cause much bad breath. And, at the same time, Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth sparkle with natural brilliance! Always use Colgate's Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it.

Listen to the "Happy Gang" CBC, Mon. thru Fri., 2 to 2.30 p.m. E.D.T.

### LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...

IF YOU KEEP GOING OUT EVERY NIGHT LIKE THIS, LOU, I'LL HAVE TO FINISH MY SWEATER MYSELF!



### NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



LARGE SIZE 25c  
GIANT DOUBLE SIZE 40c  
MEDIUM SIZE 10c

For those who prefer it, Colgate's Tooth Powder will give the same Colgate results. Large tin, 20c.

## How Do We Dress From Here? :: Continued from page 16

out the kind of clothes best suited to these times—smart well-made classics in interesting color combinations. And we're clever enough to trim our cloth to fit the budget and the wartime programme of the Government.

### Your New Hat and the Budget

Don't buy what you don't need, and when you do buy, buy British. That's the refrain we hear most frequently. And if there's any doubt about the value of bullets as against extra bonnets, it's a good idea to remember Paris. The shops were well stocked when the Germans entered the city, and plenty of bonnets, silk stockings and other such luxuries were quickly grabbed for use in the Reich.

If you feel a little envious of those well-dressed good neighbors across the line, in your 1941 programme of fewer luxuries, you might find the plan drawn up there for the day war should start an interesting item. According to Leo Cherne, executive secretary of the Research Institute of America, factories that now make forty-nine million dollars a year worth of jewellery for U.S. women, would turn their talents to artillery fuses. An eighteen-million-dollar-a-year fur industry would commence making flying clothes for military aviators, and so on.

Our new budget says no silk. And that means stockings. But synthetics are being developed so rapidly, and so many lovely rayons are being used for lingerie, that it's ten to one you were using them largely anyway. And we can always save our most glamorous stockings for evening wear.

### Even if You Don't Wear a Uniform

Whether or not you go for the military outfit yourself, uniforms worn by thousands of men, and hundreds of women, in Canada will be one of the biggest influences in our 1941 fashions. Classic; tailored; simple; will be the suits and dresses of the new season. Short-skirted for freedom of movement, straight or flared for simple grooming, and squared shoulders to give the trim and businesslike look, which is the key to our thinking as well as appearance these days. Canadian women are active as they never were before. The coming year will see them busier than ever. And when they do relax, comfortable slacks, or simple classic evening clothes with sleeves, will be worn. Things that are soft, feminine and becoming, rather than startling or fussy. And you'll see the return of the ankle-length or even shorter dinner gown.

### That Swing to Sewing

No need to tell you how women are sewing as they never have before. And in between the rush of knitting for soldiers and making clothes for refugees, and London's homeless, they're learning a lot of tricks about running up natty

little numbers for the home front. Whole corps of girls going to business, for the first time carry their sewing bags as religiously as they do their make-up kits and car tickets. More dresses and sweaters and socks and blouses were made and given away this year for Christmas and birthdays than have been in our history. That thrill of hand and brain working together to create exciting things out of fabrics and wool is spreading so quickly we may become a nation of needlewomen in no time at all.

And all bound up with this is the craftsmanship and design going into the lovely clothes being sent to Britain these days. Soft grey and blue and beige woollens are being used for hundreds of slacks and jackets, with blouses and hood linings in scarlet and turquoise and vivid greens. All for English women and girls to wear in air raid shelters. And the gayest imaginable plaid and colored skirts and smart blouses or sweaters and little dresses are going over by the hundred for English children. For the first time Canada is designing and fashioning large quantities of clothes for London. It's the kind of international adventure that will leave its mark on our own fashions.

### How Your Clothes Will Reflect You

Perhaps the most important style significance of 1941, is that it marks the beginning of a whole new psychology of clothes. As we must choose more carefully, more wisely, we become more discriminating. We cannot afford to waste money on the tawdry, the cheap, the unbecoming, that could be thrown away after a bit. Today we think more seriously, and so we dress more seriously. Not that there is any danger of the Canadian woman losing a sense of pride in her appearance; it's too wrapped up in her whole philosophy of life. With a new-born pride in things Canadian, she'll begin to discover what she can get right at home. Discover the kind of clothes, for instance, that more than one designer has had to mark "imported" in years past, in order to be able to sell them; and that are really good, sound Canadian fabric, design and workmanship. She'll see, this 1941, how colorful Canadian handicrafts and home-woven fabrics can be. Mainly, she'll discover that in the things she gives up, she is one of a great sisterhood. And as the people of Britain have found in their great trial, when everybody does something, it's quite a different matter than having to do it by yourself.

One of the most important features of the plan drawn up in the United States, to go into effect the day that country enters war, is "the elimination of adornment that adds no usefulness."

Perhaps that is what 1941 is going to bring to the women of Canada. And, as it does, they, like the most ancient Greeks and the most modern architects, will find how much more important it is to make the useful beautiful. ■

## CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS—BEAUTY CULTURE

"A LOVELY SKIN." Bulletin No. 18. Price 10 cents.

"BEAUTIFUL HANDS." Bulletin No. 15. Price 5 cents.

"FRESH AS A FLOWER." Bulletin No. 19. Price 10 cents.

"DRESSING YOUR FACE." Bulletin No. 17. Price 10 cents.

"HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR HAIR." Bulletin No. 16. Price 10 cents.

Write to Chatelaine Service Bulletins, 481 University Avenue, Toronto

From New York, Kay Murphy writes of . . .

Naval insignias on sleeves and pockets . . .

Pastel coats now worn over dark dresses . . .

All-around pleats for your spring suit . . .

Coat revers in colors to match the lining . . .



Lots of fun in plaids and plains for spring.

New York fashion centres continue to be amazed at the flood of really fine fashions that are daily coming from England. It is said that women over there are too busy to bother much with high-fashioned clothes these days—so many of them are in uniform—so we are getting the cream of the crop. English women, however, continue to dress gaily for the evening—their uniformed escorts like it that way . . .

☆☆

WELSH TRADITIONAL costumes are being used as the basis of a fashion trend that will prove exciting. Ethel Barrymore, appearing in a play set in 19th century Wales, may be said to be the instigator. So if you have any Welsh costumes in your attic, get 'em down and copy 'em. A typical Welsh fashion I saw adopted for evening was a red and black dress topped by a huge-skirted chiffon apron in black, orange and red stripes. The white fichu was the final demure touch.

☆☆

MATCHING GLOVES and bags, the only note of color in a dark ensemble, is considered quite Fifth Avenueish.

☆☆

THE SOUTH AMERICAN way will be our way in many fashions this spring and summer. Tiny little hats, straight brimmed, tiny crowned and with ball fringe edging is a hat style young girls

will love—and if you are dark like a senorita, there will be all the vivid Spanish colors you can wear with glee. The sarong, too—popularized by Dorothy Lamour—will be seen in bathing suits, beach wraps and for evening wraps too.

☆☆

LINED BOLEROS are news in some of the new dresses; the skirt of the dress is one color—the same as the bolero—but the blouse and the lining of the bolero come in a contrasting color. Combinations of two and three colors are improving as the season goes along . . .

☆☆

THE POMPADOUR hair-do may make your new hat a problem—but be brave. It's really quite easy to get a hat to suit you and your hair, too. Some styles will have to be worn atop the roll—others back of it. Experiment with your old hats to see which type looks best, then you'll have some idea of what to expect in the new millinery.

☆☆

YOUR CASUAL "little" spring coat will do you justice if it is made in tweed, plaids or checks; the reefer is very popular. But if you want something a little bit out of the ordinary, have the swagger coat in corduroy—any color—but line it with the brightest plaid or solid color you can wear, and then make a "little boy's" cap to match it. ❖

MYRNA LOY, NOW CO-STARRING WITH WILLIAM POWELL IN M-G-M'S "MR. CO-ED"



MYRNA LOY... *American Beauty Blend*

Blond-brunette skin. Peach undertones. For glowing accent, Woodbury Windsor Rose. For exotic effect, use Brunette.

## To attract Romance

### GLORIFY YOUR TYPE!



VIRGINIA BRUCE Type  
Cameo-skin blonde

Fair skin with cameo-pink tints. For delicate bloom, use Woodbury Flesh. For radiant warmth, use Blush Rose.

MERLE OBERON Type  
Ivory-skin brunette

Creamy skin with ivory tints. For striking clearness, use Woodbury Rachel. For deep, velvet tone, use Blush Rose.

BRENDA JOYCE Type  
Honey-skin blonde

Tawny skin with gold tints. For deeper accent, use Woodbury Champagne. Or for a rosy look, Windsor Rose.

DOLORES DEL RIO Type  
Tropic-skin brunette

Vivid skin, dusky undertones. For luscious richness, use Woodbury Brunette. For copper glow, Champagne.

HOLLYWOOD selects five lovely stars to represent five basic skin types—now Woodbury creates Color Controlled powder shades to make each type of beauty "come alive"!

by LOUELLA PARSONS, Movie Columnist

To make his heart sing—make your beauty sing!

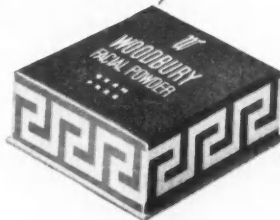
To help, leading Hollywood directors have selected 5 stars to represent the 5 basic skin types. You are one of these types.

And now Woodbury has created powder shades that magically make each type "light up" . . . with love-compelling beauty!

They're gorgeously clear shades, for Woodbury's new Color Control does away with tiny color blobs that once marred smoothness. And the Color Control process makes Woodbury Powder wonderfully fine, soft, clinging for hours.

So today, get your true-type shade of delicately perfumed Woodbury Powder. Let his eyes tell you you're lovelier!

Woodbury Face Powder



Free 6 COLOR CONTROLLED SHADES  
(Paste on penny postcard. Mail now!)

John H. Woodbury, Ltd.,  
Dept. 8718, Perth, Ontario.  
Please send—free—6 shades of Woodbury Color Controlled Powder. Also tube of new Woodbury Foundation Cream.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_



*When comfort  
means so much*



● Inside the surgical-gauze covering of the new Modess, is a filler so downy-soft that we call it "fluff." It is this extra-soft filler that makes the new Modess sanitary napkin so wonderfully comfortable—so wonderfully comforting. You'll have a new feeling of security, too; read why, in the pamphlet inside every Modess package. Buy Modess at your favorite store.

*Soft as a  
fleecy cloud*

**Modess**



If you have the wanderlust, step out in stripes.

WE'VE JOINED the navy for spring, not only in color but in other ways as well. On dresses, coats and suits, naval insignia blazon forth on arms and breast pockets, white cords used as necklaces, gob caps—pity the poor sailor at sea. He won't be able to call a thing his own after the gals get through copying his uniform!

PASTEL COATS over dark dresses—a new fashion that is earmarked for success. Generally we have been topping our light dresses with dark coats—now 'tis the other way about. So if you have a light coat and a dark dress, combine them. Just the thing for Easter.

IF YOU'RE making up your cotton dresses for summer now, do try to get a few lengths with huge splashy prints—South Sea Island flowers, butterflies bigger than you'll ever see, and modernistic cottages briefly outlined in glowing colors. Vivid grounds, with motifs in dark colors, are also very different in the new cottons. Saw such a piece—emerald green with sepia fish floating around. Put cotton right up into the higher brackets.

MORE KNITTING THAN EVER—and not only for the Red Cross! Sweaters appearing morn, noon and night. Quite wealthy-looking outfits also have knitted brimmed hats to match. The sweaters are definitely longer than heretofore and hug the hips without any unsightly bulges.

HARTNELL, of London, still amazing us with his marvellous fashions. Now he is putting sequins on tweeds, combining Angora wool with crepe and decorating daytime dresses with "built-in" jewellery—necklaces and bracelets sewn right into the dress. He is favoring light blue and mustard yellow for spring days and rich deep hues such as red, wine and

purple for evening. The Londoners call 'em "Shelter Shades."

SPEAKING OF SHELTERS—I was wondering how the English lassies could look so spick-and-span, after spending a night underground. Why, they give each other facials, wave sets and manicures during the long nights! And some of them take along electric irons and if there is a socket handy, press their dresses before going to work! If you're handy with the needle, you may be called upon to shorten a skirt of an evening. Now that the new shelters are getting "real 'omey," as an old lady recently told King George, they cook community suppers on stoves provided and hang out a nice line of clothes, to while away the time. Which goes to prove that a woman may have to live under the ground, but she has the capacity to adapt herself, if she has the courage.

SUITS FOR SPRING may be either very man-tailored, or else have the more feminine look that many women favor. Jackets are longer, shoulders are softer, and many skirts have all-around pleats.

REVERS on coats and suits are getting to be right perky; probably faced with bright colors to match the lining of the coat, or darted with brightly colored embroidery, or maybe gold braid.

The high stock, worn with suits, is another London fashion that I think will find favor with you.

And Creed, in London, is dolling up his dark spring coats with bright-colored buttons—red on black or navy, yellow on blue, pink on wine. He is advocating larger pockets too—handy to tuck things into if you have to run when the sirens wail.



Pattern descriptions on page 40

## LOOKING TO SPRING

NEW CLOTHES thrill every little girl, and here are the newest styles for her Spring wardrobe . . . She'll skip to school proudly in a soft blue worsted suit, smartly tailored with Simplicity 3662. Or, if she is a bright Teen-Ager, she will follow the fashion for jaunty, swagger lines in a suit like Simplicity 3665.

Big and Little Sister outfits have captured Fifth Avenue's young set, so let your two parade in princess coats of rose-colored flannel, identically fashioned by Simplicity 3663 and Simplicity 3677 . . . Dresses, too, play an important part in young Spring plans! For parties there's Simplicity 3666, perfect for pretty pastel prints, garnished with rows of dainty lace. And for the classroom, a dress of spun rayon, finished trimly with a smart fly closing like Simplicity 3667.



For Your

"Favorite Dress"

A quartette from  
the new frocks to  
play an important  
rôle in 1941.



Pattern descriptions on page 40.

YOUR FAVORITE dress each season always has that nice, trim look that you know is right for practically every moment of your busy day. Such are these four wearable dresses—each one distinguished for simple line and fine detail. The rounded yoke and pockets of Simplicity 3686 take the “curves” smoothly in pastel sheer woollen which tailors so beautifully . . . No dress could be more youthful and becoming than Simplicity 3701, with its deep yoke band finished with a rakish bow-knot and gleaming Lucite buttons. It is wonderfully smart made up in deep sea coral crepe . . . Simplicity 3689 is a basic dress, easily freshened with changeable vestees. Soft wool jersey is an important material for this style type—which, incidentally, is extremely flattering to not-so-thin figures . . . A pleated hemline flounce adds diversion to the straight silhouette of Simplicity 3694. Make this frock in navy blue flannel and trim the bolero epaulets and dress front with gilt military buttons and reflect the patriotic spirit of these stirring times!

# Safe From the War :: Continued from page 18

picturesque cloisters. There were large rooms to sit in and little rooms to sleep in, and green lawns where they played and on the hottest days were sprinkled with hoses. And the first night when they arrived they found a huge round table piled high with toys and games. To many of the children, emerging from abnormal strain and terror, it was as if they had come to Aladdin's pavilion, "all litten up by gold and gems besides the manifold candelabra of precious metals encrusted with emeralds and jacinths." The whole experience, particularly this latter end, had something of the legendary quality of the Arabian Nights.

And the succeeding days had about them an unreality; hot bright days in strange charming surroundings under the authority of unfamiliar but kind people. Deryk was too young to play baseball. He rigged up a line and a basket and spent hours on a balcony letting things up and down.

The nurses tried to get Anne to go to them so that Jennifer could play baseball too sometimes, but Anne still howled and kicked and turned red whenever anybody else tried to take her. It was discouraging. But after all, Jennifer thought, a Granny doesn't want to play baseball, ever. She used to lie on the grass in one of the courtyards, with her arms under her head, and Anne would stalk around or sit on the grass beside her. Somebody had given Anne a teddy bear, and she would spread a towel on the grass and put the teddy bear to sleep on the towel. She wore her Liberty print dress and a flowered sun-bonnet and looked as sweet—until anybody tried to take her away from Jennifer. So Jennifer lay on the grass and looked up at the sky and tried not to think about dive bombers over the house at Cambridge, and tried not to worry about whether or not she and Deryk and Anne were to be separated here; and Deryk played on his balcony, and Anne put her teddy bear to sleep on a towel on the grass.

ONCE ANNE and Deryk and Jennifer went on a swimming party, and for awhile Jennifer forgot her tiredness and the feeling that she was a Granny. This was when she came running out of the hot little bath house and felt warm sand beneath her feet and looked out over the glimmering lake. Deryk was already in, splashing and shouting with other little boys, and Anne was in her tiny blue bathing costume, riding pickaback on Jennifer, shouting to her to run faster. Jennifer let her down carefully at the edge of the water. How lovely it would be, Jennifer thought, to dip in the water and feel it cool and sparkling all over you, like little stars sliding over you, twinkling and bright! Perhaps she could leave Anne for a minute or two and run out and plunge into the water. Swimming was, perhaps, the sport she loved best in the world.

"Anne, be a good girl," she said, and picked up a shell for her, "and let Jennifer go swimming for a few minutes."

She was able to go in as far as her ankles, and then Anne howled and screamed and screeched so frantically that everybody on the beach looked to see what was the matter.

"Never mind, Anne, Jennifer's coming back—see, stop crying, Jennifer is here,"

she told her and picked her up. But Anne still howled as Jennifer staggered with her up the hot beach.

"She is a bad little brat," some of the councillors said to each other, but Jennifer realized that poor Anne had thought she would be lost in the water. No wonder she wept.

So they sat on the sand by rustling dune grass and dug holes and played with shells and pebbles. A councillor came along and sat beside them, and said it was simply sickening that Jennifer couldn't go in bathing and offered to try to amuse Anne while she went.

Jennifer shook her head, "Thanks awfully," she said, "but I won't try to, really." She felt as if she might almost cry.

"It's outrageous," the councillor said. "You're a perfect slave."

"Oh, no," Jennifer answered, and controlled her voice so that it didn't sound shaken. "It is rather bad luck that she doesn't like anybody else, you know—but then she's such a pet. And I don't mind not doing things, really. I've turned into a Granny sort of person inside me. I'm really a Granny in disguise, like the Frog Prince, you know."

SHE MENTIONED that feeling of being a Granny inside herself to someone else at tea once, and eventually it came to the committee of women who were placing the children in suitable homes.

"But has Jennifer really an obsession about it?" one of the women asked at the committee meeting. Eight or ten concerned individuals sat about a long table with folders before them and considered, exhaustively, the problems of a hundred English young.

"She says she's turned into a Granny," another woman said. "I think she's on the verge of a serious neurosis caused by all this strain and responsibility. Anne, of course, is suffering from a sense of insecurity. Jennifer should be taken right away from Anne and put in the hands of a competent psychiatrist at once."

"I think that what she needs," someone else objected, "is to settle her as soon as possible with some understanding family. I think the Squires are just the people for Deryk and Anne and Jennifer. It would be extremely unwise to separate those three."

So since the policy of all good child-placement people is never to separate families, Jennifer and Deryk and Anne were kept together and sent to the Squires out in the country.

There was an old white house patterned on summer afternoons with shadows from great maple trees. Here the smells were not like those in England, not as many roses and no lavender, but there were more field smells of hay and clover, very sweet, and in some way safe.

Behind the Squires' house was a pool, not deep or large but large enough for Deryk to paddle about in, large enough for the toy sailboat they found in it when they arrived. Mr. Squires was a nice, fat professorish sort of person, and Mrs. Squires was smallish and thin with a kind and funny face. They didn't ask many questions. They didn't talk very much, nor did they say to Anne, "Oh, the darling, let me take her." They let her stay with Jennifer all she wanted,

Continued on page 38

MISS

## Deborah Douglas

Her debut, at the Hotel Gen. Oglethorpe, Savannah. Her glamour aid, a quick Woodbury Facial Cocktail. Says Deborah: "I whip up a thick lather of Woodbury Soap, knead it into my skin. Then shower my face with tepid to cold water. Result . . . compliments from the lads."



## "Be his Valentine"...say the Debs Try a Woodbury Facial Cocktail

Cholly Knickerbocker

America's No. 1 Society Reporter says:

"It looks like l-o-v-e when a man gazes dreamy-eyed at a girl. That's the objective of clever debs. They enlist the Woodbury Facial Cocktail for their complexions in a plot to be popular."

EVERY DAY is Sweethearts' Day for girls with lovely skin. Take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail to brighten and smooth your skin. Woodbury Soap is made of finest beauty oils. Cherished by lovely women for three generations. Use only Woodbury for just ten days. See radiance return!

CAREER GIRLS, TOO, SAY IT LEADS TO ROMANCE



1. "Working behind the hosiery counter used to leave my skin drab as ashes by closing time."

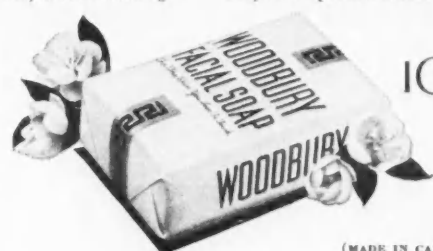


2. "Now I take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail when work is finished. It freshens my skin for evening."



3. "My beau says I look bright and beautiful after a busy day. Woodbury has helped me hold his heart."

FOR THE SKIN  
YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

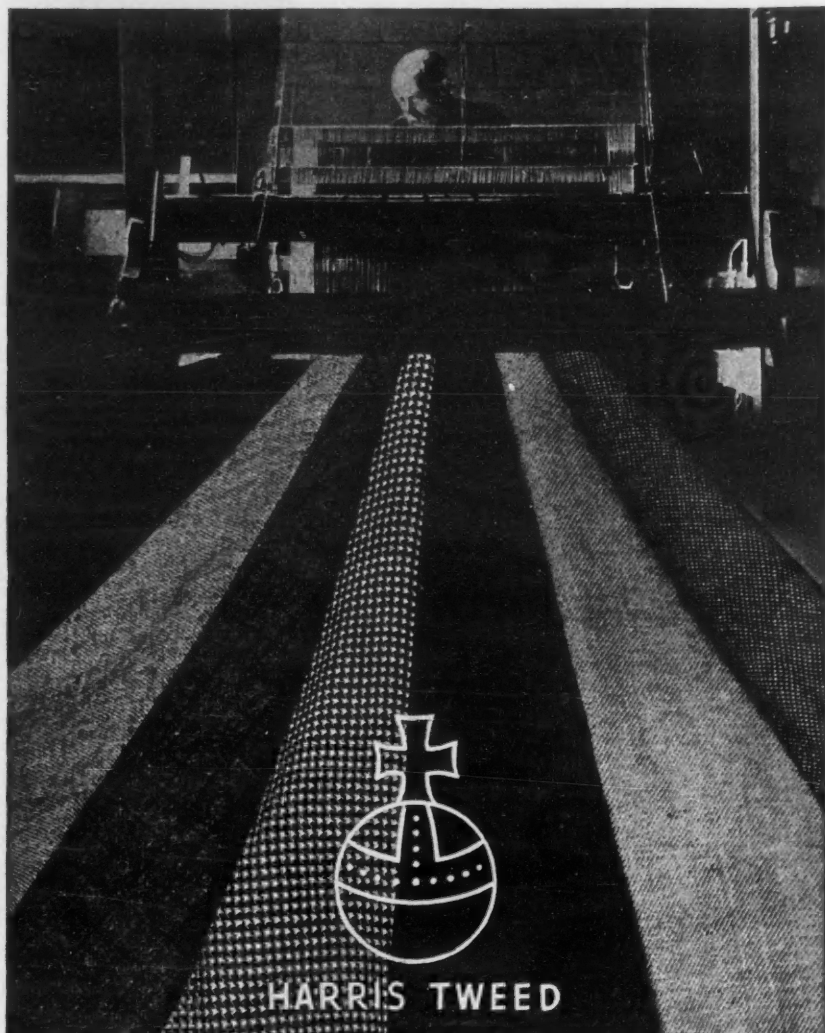


10¢

(MADE IN CANADA)



# Every yard of HARRIS TWEED is woven by hand



**T**HERE is only one place in the world where Harris Tweeds are made. The Outer Hebrides—those lonely wind-swept islands on the West of Scotland. Here, hand weaving has been carried on for centuries, an art handed down from generation to generation.

Only the virgin wool of Scottish sheep is used, traditional colours are maintained, every yard is hand-woven—each piece of cloth individually made in the homes of the crofters.

There's an atmosphere about Harris Tweed garments . . . "Yes . . . well-dressed . . . what good taste . . . how attractive." This is what you will hear from your friends—even the others will whisper approval. This year more than ever Harris Tweed is fashionable—there's a wide range of designs to choose from.



The following is the definition of Harris Tweed as accepted by the Board of Trade:—

"Harris Tweed" means a Tweed made from pure virgin wool produced in Scotland, spun, dyed and finished in the Outer Hebrides and hand-woven by the Islanders at their own homes in the Islands of Lewis, Harris, Uist, Barra and their several purlenances and all known as the Outer Hebrides."

**LOOK FOR THE MARK ON THE CLOTH  
LOOK FOR THE LABEL ON THE GARMENT**

Issued by The Harris Tweed Association Ltd., 5 Coleman Street, London, E.C.2

## What You Make It

Continued from page 26

and defeat, dreading what Della would say. It had started raining. She was too dispirited to eat at the tea house down the street.

Before she let herself into the house she turned and looked at the street, remembering that first night with its mist and rain, its soft lights and shadows. She recalled how beautiful she'd thought it. She looked at the blurred lights, the oily scum on pavements, the sinister dark places; heard motor tires hissing like adders and turned away disenchanted. It was ugly. She let herself into the house. She went up the long dimly lit stairs, past the closed doors that shut away the cramped lives of other people, and saw as she went, her own house in Chesterton, amber lit and so snug in a winter rain. She picnicked on the bacon and eggs without bothering to set a table.

Her bell rang. She pushed the food into the bathroom and answered it. It was Fern Lee, the radio singer, and a friend. They'd come to call. Polly tried to be entertaining, but failed. She was too frankly tired. Her remarks were commonplace. They were dull, and she knew it. And suddenly she had a rush of kindred feeling for Bill Gunther back in Chesterton. Stocky, kindly Bill who was a person of principle. Who took care of his wife and children and did it sportingly. Who worked with zest and was tired at night and basked in a let-down of well-doing. What if he didn't care for the arts? What if he lacked the taste for them? He'd earned the personal indulgence of selecting his own interests, earned it by his very efforts of industry, his decent social contribution.

What Aunt Minn had said in her letter was true; any place could be dull—if you let it be. What mattered was not the setup, but yourself. You mattered. And what you did about it.

Her own life had been the most purposeless of all her friends. The defect was in her. She'd been more than dull. She'd been a fool! She should have adopted a baby this fall. Even if they had children of their own later, their hearts were big enough for a whole family. As for these friends of Della's—they weren't the real doers. Marcel Levec, who played at being a musician. Lucien who pretended to write. They were poseurs, deliberately making an effect. There were serious artists, people she didn't know, people probably a little dull and tired after their day's work, just as any businessman was. Ted had been right. She was wrong.

Her guests didn't stay long. On their way out, Fern Lee told her there was a letter in her box. Polly had overlooked it. She went along down and got it; got it with eagerness. Perhaps it was from Ted. But it wasn't. It was from Aunt Tessie.

Dear Polly . . . We've been so busy. Kay Martin, Louise's sister is staying longer. Such a pretty, lovely girl. We're all so fond of her. Ted and Kay and the Gunthers went to the theatre. Ted and Kay and the Gunthers are going to a dance. Ted and Kay . . .

Polly's hands trembled on the telephone.

"Mr. Theodore Lipton, please. Yes. A person to person call. Ted . . . Ted . . . it's Polly." Polly's voice broke. "Ted . . . I've been a fool. I want to come home. What? You'll drive down for me . . . oh, Ted!"

## New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION  
jars of Arrid have been  
sold . . . Try a jar today.

# ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS  
(Also in 15 cent and 59 cent jars)

## STOP Scratching Relieve Itch Fast or Money Back

For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use fast-acting, cooling, anti-septic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.



**Brush Away  
GRAY  
HAIR  
..AND LOOK 10  
YEARS YOUNGER**

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint tale streaks of gray to natural appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (me too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasts—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair.

Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today. 50c at all drug stores—on a money-back guarantee, or—

**SEND FOR TEST BOTTLE**

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.  
127 Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky  
Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover, partly, cost of packing and mailing.  
Check shade wanted:  
☐ Blonde to Medium Brown ☐ Dark Brown to Black  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov \_\_\_\_\_  
Print Your Name and Address

# — and the Best way to Enhance Your Beauty



**S**EVEN years ago, Chatelaine inaugurated its famed "Beauty Culture" department, featuring monthly news on style, health and personality.

Now, with that rich background of actual experience in the particular problems which interest Canadian women, we present you with an important new feature for 1941—a series of Lessons in Beauty.

Each month some main phase of beauty care will be treated. By following the lessons, you will have a complete course in charm, style and beauty—the type of course for which you usually pay many many dollars. Lessons will be brief, authoritative, easily read, and easily remembered. A very special feature will be your own beauty scrap-book, described below. This book will enable you to build up your own personality reference chart, to ensure your greater loveliness.

**Your Skin Beauty.** Of first importance in the impression you make on anyone, is the texture and general health of your skin. Do you know what type of skin you have? What is the right foundation cream for your type? How to bring out the most attractive color? How to care for your skin at night? What to do for certain problems? *Chatelaine's* beauty classes will give you direct information, keyed to your own particular type.

**For Lovely Hair.** Beautiful hair is rarely an accident. Well-groomed hair never is. You can add immeasurably to your appearance by knowing the right way to style your hair—by understanding its make-up—by learning how to care for it every day. Your hair is a living vital force, and responds swiftly to proper care. If you have any special difficulties, or if you would like to change your styling, or find a new lustre and vitality for your hair—you'll get monthly inspiration from the new lessons in loveliness which will begin in next month's *Chatelaine*.

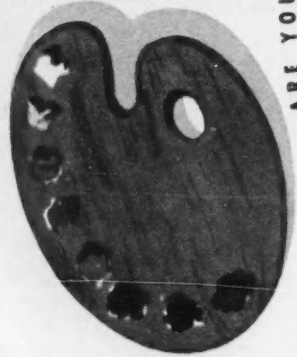
**Your Own Beauty Scrapbook.** Since the main interest to any woman in articles on style or beauty is how it concerns her own particular case, we're planning a sensational new aid for you in these beauty courses. Annabelle Lee, *Chatelaine's* beauty editor, has designed a special scrapbook for you to keep your own personal "good looks chart." Month after month, as the beauty lessons deal with what to do for various types of skin, or hair, or coloring or silhouette—you will be able to note the information concerning your own type in this handy little book, to keep as a permanent record.

We'll show you how to decide whether your skin is oily, or normal. Whether your silhouette is different from the average, and how you can offset its difficulties. How to treat your hair if it is "baby fine"—or too coarse. With the articles in *Chatelaine*—and your own scrapbook of personal information keyed directly to your own problems—you'll find that you'll be winning many compliments for your increased charm in 1941! ■



*Learn the Art of Loveliness in Chatelaine's Beauty Lessons*





# The Best Colors

# for Your Type



What is your type? What colors make you your most exciting and attractive self? Colors generally becoming to you are shown with your color type below. Using these colors, experiment with actual fabrics.

## ARE YOU A BLONDE?



### LONG FACE

Bangs, worn in soft curls over the forehead are effective in shortening this type of face. Hair should be fluffy and have a feeling of softness.

## WHAT SHAPE IS



THE LONG FACE



THE SQUARE FACE



THE TRIANGULAR FACE

### SQUARE FACE

This is usually a strong face. Hair should be worn long behind the ears to balance the width of the jaw line. Choose quite simple coiffures.

**TRIANGULAR FACE**  
The trick with this type of face is to wear hair long and full below the ears to fill in narrowness of chin. Try also a few soft curls at the temples.

### ROUND FACE

This type calls for a simple hairdress. A side part and a feeling of upward movement are flattering. Avoid tight curls and width over the ears.

## YOUR FACE?



THE ROUND FACE



THE HEART FACE



THE OVAL FACE

### HEART FACE

Close to the oval for perfectly type, the heart-shaped person may usually indulge in the coiffure of the hour. Here, — the convenient *leather curl*.

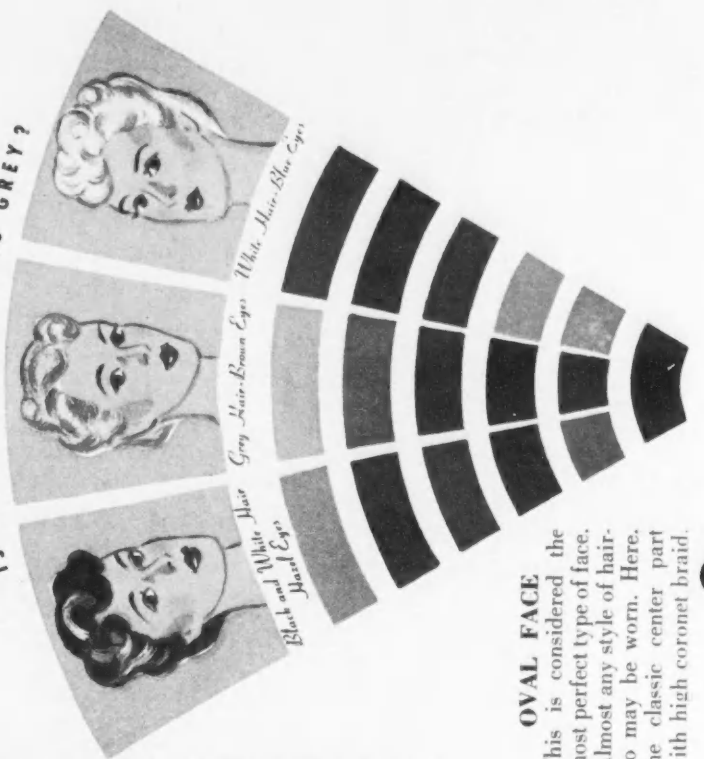
### OVAL FACE

This is considered the most perfect type of face. Almost any style of hair-do may be worn. Here, the classic center part with high coronet braid.

## ARE YOU MEDIUM OR A RED-HEAD?



## IS YOUR HAIR TURNING GREY?



that is largely clinical—they paint a picture of a passing era.

THE NOVEL with a background of early American or Canadian history is still booming. "Gone With the Wind" started it all. We've since had "Tree of Liberty," "Northwest Passage," "The Champlain Road," "Quietly My Captain Waits," "Foundation Stone," and now Kenneth Roberts' "Oliver Wiswell," which is apparently an excellent historical novel, despite the flood of advertising and publicity its publishers felt prompted to bestow upon it.

Books of reminiscences by small-town doctors, lawyers and ministers continue to pour out. "The Horse and Buggy Doctor" started that trend. "Country Editor," "Country Preacher," "Country Lawyer," "Country Schoolmaster" . . . a weary public is eagerly awaiting the logical book to end this spate of reminiscences—"Country Funeral Director and Furniture Dealer On the Side."

Anthologies are always good sellers, particularly at Christmas. I guess the person who is making the gift figures that the recipient will find at least one

poem or short story in the collection that will interest him, whereas a certain novel or biography may leave him entirely cold. So at Christmas, 1940, Simon and Schuster's "The World's Great Letters" and "The Reader's Digest Reader" were on more than a few gift lists.

And nothing like a mere war is going to stop Hollywood from having its influence on the reading public. When Robert Taylor or Bette Davis hits town in a celluloid version of a book or play, the booksellers scurry around stocking up copies of it. Even the publishers bring out special editions to distribute to the bookstores at the same time the movie is being shown. This is admirable, of course. Many movie-goers who had previously had only a shadowy idea of who Dumas and Emily Bronte were, are thus prompted to read the works of such writers. But the thing I find a trifle hard to take is the displaying of books like Charles Dickens' "Great Expectations," with a new jacket showing a scene from the film and blazoned across it in big letters: "From the movie of the same name." ■

### A Star For Susan :: Continued from page 15

while Dorothy was in the kitchen, and went into Dorothy's room. In the wastepaper basket was an envelope, all right, but it wasn't from Dickie. It was postmarked Cedarvale and was in a round clear handwriting, the boarding-school type of handwriting that Marian had tried to copy but somehow couldn't. It wasn't familiar. Who in Cedarvale would write like that? The paper was very good, heavy and finely woven, white; a square envelope, a woman's envelope certainly. No letter; no torn pieces.

There was something queer going on. Marian took the envelope and went back downstairs. Dorothy had brought a tray into the living room and was sitting curled in the corner of the sofa. She had a tremendous breakfast piled on the tray, bacon and eggs and cocoa and three pieces of toast and a grapefruit and a mold of jelly. And that was queer, too, because for weeks now she hadn't even looked at breakfast.

Marian said, "Who did you get a letter from this morning?"

Dorothy looked up sharply. Her eyes fell on the envelope in Marian's hand, and her face changed. Her eyes were cold. She said, "That happens to be mine."

"Who did it come from?"

"I don't think that's any of your business."

"Yes, I think it is. You're getting letters from some stranger, and you've been acting very queerly lately, and it's up to father and me to see that you don't get into any more messes."

Dorothy went on looking at her with that level, measuring gaze. It was a new look, a different one. Not dependent and frightened any longer. Almost hard. Marian hated it. It judged her.

"I'll tell you what's going on," Dorothy said. "I haven't any objection. I'm glad to tell you. It isn't anything you or father can do a thing about, and you may as well be prepared." She stopped. "They are going to get Dickie out of prison," she said.

Marian sat down in her father's easy chair. "Get Dickie out of prison? Out

of prison? What are you talking about? Who is?"

"Oh, nobody much. Just some important people. Like Sir Harry Nicol-Stewart. That's all."

"Sir Harry is going to get Dickie out of prison? Now, Dorothy, for heaven's sake, what kind of nonsense are you talking? Why in the world would he be interested in getting Dickie out of prison, or care anything about Dickie? Why should he?"

"You wouldn't be able to understand that, would you? You and father wouldn't be able to understand that, would you? You couldn't understand that a fine good man like Sir Harry, cares about anybody, and cares about justice and decency, would you? It's true. He's going to investigate Dickie's case; he's going to have it brought up again and look into it, and do you know what that means? It means that Dickie will be free."

Marian held her lips tightly together. After a minute she said evenly, "So you wrote to Sir Harry? A lot of sense that would make, Dickie's girl friend writing to him!"

"No, I didn't. I've got a friend who did it for me. She said at once that was the thing to do, as soon as she heard about how Dickie tried to put the money back."

"Who is this friend?" Marian demanded.

But even before Dorothy told her, she knew. She knew quite well, because it was the girl who had come into her own life, the girl she was already thinking about, the girl who was almost like something fate was using to frighten her, Marian, to prove to her that everything she did and wanted was wrong; to threaten her with the loss of the only person who still wanted her.

MARIAN PULLED on the jacket of her tailored thin grey suit and went down to her father's store. It was Saturday morning, and he was up in his office on Saturday mornings, because he wanted to be accessible to all the farmers who came in, and because he wanted to

When someone's eyes are judging you

Can You Be Sure  
It's Safe To Smile?

the Answer's on  
the tip of your tongue

1

#### Make the Tongue-Test...

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth...inside and out. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba...and it doesn't belong on teeth! It collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking.

2

#### Your Tongue Tells You

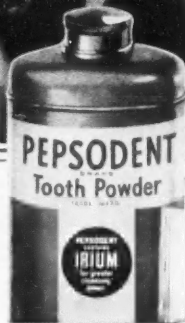
Your tongue tells you what others see... the filmy coating that dims the natural brilliance of your teeth, your smile. And it's this filmy coating that makes teeth look dull...bars your way to romance.

## 3 Switch to Pepsodent with Irium

Know the joy of Teeth that feel bright to you  
... look bright to others



Both contain IRIUM  
known to the dental  
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Pepsodent will remove the filmy coating that clings to teeth... the coating your tongue can feel, your friends can see. Because only Pepsodent contains IRIUM... super-cleansing agent that loosens and flushes away sticky particles that cling to teeth.

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## SEE FOR YOURSELF



How Winter Dryness  
Parches Your Skin



Helena Rubinstein Preparations  
Cleanse . . . Tone . . . Nourish . . . for Protection

Of course it's dry in winter. Have you noticed how much more water your plants need? How quickly dust gathers? Sure signs of dryness. Actually, it is six times as dry in your house in winter as in summer.

Think what this means to your delicate complexion! Think how that thirsty air is drawing precious moisture from your skin. Mme. Helena Rubinstein has developed creams to protect your skin from the dry atmosphere of modern homes. Creams to cleanse . . . to tone and to restore beauty-giving moisture. You can enjoy at home an easy beauty treatment that counteracts the parching effects of winter air. Just use the simple Helena Rubinstein Beauty Classics Kit . . . five essentials to beauty, individualized for your skin. You can get the kit at good department and drug stores for only 1.95.

 <p><b>CACTUS</b></p>	 <p><b>WATER LILY</b></p>
<p>Which has a hard, horny skin because it grows in dry parched air . . . where the humidity drops as low as 7% . . . as it does in many Canadian homes in the winter time.</p>	<p>Which has a smooth, delicately soft skin because it grows with plenty of moisture. That is why Mme. Rubinstein uses water lily buds in many of her creams.</p>

**Helena Rubinstein**

**SALON and LABORATORY 126 BLOOR STREET W. TORONTO**  
LONDON • NEW YORK • SYDNEY

## Safe From the War :: Continued from page 35

but they watched, and they gave the three plenty of food and put them to bed early at night, and when Deryk couldn't sleep because of thinking of air raids, they took him around the garden in his pyjamas and let him watch the fireflies.

The children sat by the pool and played with small boats, putting pebbles in them for cargoes. This was a time when there was no rain, and lovely days followed each other quietly. There was a frog in the pool, old and green and fat, Great-Grandfather Solomon frog, and he let Deryk pick him up and put him on the sailboat. He sat there for hours drifting lazily about the pool, looking benevolent and happy. The Squires' little boy came home from a visit. His name was Teddy and he was shy and jolly, about Deryk's age. They played on the piazza, letting baskets up and down with pulleys and string. And Anne sat on the edge of the pool in her print dress and sunbonnet and dabbled fat legs in the water.

Mrs. Squires lay in a long chair and watched and said very little. Jennifer lay on her back on the grass in shorts and thin striped jersey and wondered if she would always feel like a Granny. But she was not as tired as she had been; she did not feel now, as she had, that it was too much of an effort ever to pull herself up even to go in and eat. Gradually she began to feel as if the sunlight and the ground, the trees and the flowers, the wind and the water, were giving her something. She was too young to analyze what they and the Squires gave her, but it was a sense of strength and comfort again, a reassurance that in spite of the interruption of war and disaster, beauty and safety would continue in the world.

It was a most perfect day with a warm sun and a cool breeze when a carload of Mrs. Squires' young nieces and nephews poured around behind the house to the pool. They said, "Hello, Jennifer . . . Hi, Jennifer, we've been dying to meet you . . . Hi, Jennifer, we're going for a swim—and then we're going for a picnic. She can go, can't she, Aunt Margaret? Oh, sure you can go, Jennifer—come ahead."

But Jennifer, standing by the pool now with the wind blowing her honey-colored hair, felt stiff and shy. A Granny could have nothing to do with all these boys and girls. Why should a Granny

take it into her head to go swimming?

"I don't think I can," she said. "I can't leave Anne, you know—really—"

Anne was walking over toward Mrs. Squires. She was sticking out her lower lip and waving a small red shovel.

"Anne will be all right," Mrs. Squires said. "I'd go if I were you, Jennifer."

Deryk and Teddy came around the side of the house carrying a saucepan full of tadpoles.

"Will you be a good little boy if Jennifer goes swimming?" she asked, looking at him, thinking that his face was dirty and what would Mummy think, knowing that Jennifer was not keeping him tidy.

Above them was the sound of an airplane. Someone said, "Oh, that's one of the new army planes." And they all looked up.

"Deryk will shiver," Jennifer thought. "He'll ask if it's a German plane."

But he did not. He glanced up a moment, and then looked into the saucepan with the tadpoles. "We've got twenty-four," he said, and dumped the creatures into the pool.

"Mummy, mummy—" Anne said, and stood by Mrs. Squires' chair, looking at her, beating the arm of the chair with her little spade.

Mrs. Squires' eyes met Jennifer's. They seemed to be saying that she was sorry that Anne had called her Mummy, and yet, as Jennifer understood, it was best for Anne to be happy. Later, when they went home to England, it would be all right. For the first time Jennifer felt that surely, before too long, they would all be going home. Mrs. Squires put her arms out and lifted Anne up to her lap.

Jennifer looked at her and smiled. She ran her hands through her hair and took a deep breath, and it was as if, when she let out the breath, she blew Granny out of her being into the wind and sunlight and Granny became less than smoke and drifted away.

"How lovely," Jennifer said to Mrs. Squires' nephews and nieces. "I simply love to swim. I say, you are kind. It'll be most frightfully jolly, won't it!" She ran into the house, and although the army plane again circled in the sky above them, Deryk never even looked up. ■

## What Are You Reading Now? :: Continued from page 3

resurrect books like H. V. Morton's "In Search Of England."

Thirdly, technical books relating to the war. This category, of course, doesn't meet with the demand from women that it does from men, but I include it to give you the whole picture of the war-reading scene. As a matter of fact, technical books are one of the major problems facing booksellers at the present time. They can't fill the hundreds of orders they get for books on the art of modern warfare or on tool-making and other mechanics connected with war industries.

In times of stress the sales of Bibles and religious books skyrocket. During the depression, publishers couldn't turn these books out fast enough, and in this war the trend is already under way, with

such books as "Thinking Aloud In War Time" and "Thoughts In War Time."

But the sort of book that is *not* selling is the type that such men as Vachell, Gilbert Frankau, Robert Hitchens and others have been writing for years. There used to be a steady sale for these conventional English novels, but now they gather dust on the booksellers' shelves. They depict a way of life that the war has completely disrupted. Lord and Lady So-and-so are no longer in their fine old English mansions, living a leisurely, well-ordered life. They're in the front line now, doing a wonderful job of work. And one feels that when the war is over they won't be the same men and women who peopled those novels. Anyone who reads books of this nature now does so with an interest

"There probably isn't any harm in it. She's a little thing, something like Dorothy. Nice little thing, like a little girl. Jim probably thinks of her that way. Why don't you speak to Jim? He's reasonable." He swung round in his chair. He thought the subject was finished. "I've got a piece of good news for you," he said. "You know who that was on the telephone, when you came in?"

"No, I don't know," Marian said impatiently. "Father—"

"Well, it was the real estate company, Marian. They've got a buyer for that hospital site."

Marian said sharply, "But you mustn't sell the hospital site! You've got to keep control of it! We can't let Jim buy it back again."

"Now, just a minute," her father said, smiling widely. "Wait till you hear who's bought it. Probably for a summer home, only thing it could be. And you know who bought it?"

"Well?"

"The Van Wycks."

"Not the Andrew Van Wycks? The city people? Those very wealthy Van Wycks?"

"That's the outfit. Would you've liked me to say no to them?"

"Father, that's ridiculous. They wouldn't buy that land! Why should they want it? It's just ridiculous. There must be some mistake."

"There's no mistake. It's signed, sealed and delivered. The money's paid. The thing's done. The Van Wycks' lawyer went down and did it in person. As to what they want it for, that's their lookout; except that the real estate people say they hear one of the Van Wyck daughters is kind of quiet. Likes living in the country. They think she's going to build herself a place out here. It's the one that gets all her father's money, too," he said. He leaned back and locked his hands across his paunch. "How's that for a piece of news?"

"I can't help wondering if it is true. I can't help wondering if maybe it isn't Jim, after all. He's been needing a big piece of money; you don't suppose he's gone up to see those people and asked for help to build the hospital, and they're buying the land for that purpose?"

"Now, for heaven's sake, Marian. How would Jim know them? It's the Van Wyck girl, for sure, the one who gets all the money, and she'll come here and build a real place, there on the hill, and it will just make the town, that's all." He narrowed his eyes. "Might be almost worth your while to think about staying here, you and Jim, and building a hospital here after all. Might be."

Marian sat looking at him, thinking along with him. Thinking ahead. Herself, the doctor's wife—somebody of importance. And a big hospital. And getting the Van Wyck girl—what was her name? Diana?—interested in the hospital. Working with her on the hospital board. Going to her house for tea. Meeting her friends. Going up to the city to visit them.

She stirred. "It might even work out that way," she said slowly.

"Jim's not given up the idea of a hospital at all. He was around the other night looking for sites. I guess it was the night he had that girl with him. I know, because he went to have a talk next day with Pete Burrell. He's been down looking over the old quarry on the river. Thought it might just do."

The blood froze in Marian's veins. Her throat wouldn't open. Then after a

minute she conquered it and said calmly, "What night was that?"

"I don't know, how should I know?" Then, "Was there something else you wanted to tell me?" He eyed her sharply. "You look upset. What's the matter?"

"I—you—you'll be upset too, when I tell you," she said with difficulty. "It's Dorothy."

Her father's face looked suddenly flabby. He said, under his breath, "Dorothy. Marian, isn't—you don't think . . ."

"Oh," she said sharply, "nonsense! That's impossible. She's just been moping for the Spack boy. She's different now. Father, that girl, that Susan girl, has taken it upon herself to write to Sir Harry Nicol-Stewart about Dickie Spack, and he's written back to say he'll investigate the case."

Her father's mouth hung open. He looked like a frog, like a sagging old fat frog. "What?" he said. "What?"

Marian was silent.

"Now, look here. That's a lot of—say! They can't do that! He can't do that! The case is closed. Judge Guthrie tried it, and it's closed. The boy's in jail, and he's going to stay there. It's all straight and above board; it's closed. They can't open it."

"I wouldn't bank on that, father. And I'm afraid if they do . . ."

They looked at each other again, levelly, understanding each other.

His face began to get red. It swelled. His jowls were mottled, he had wattles like an old gobbler. He was furious.

He said, "So it's that girl, is it? Little busybody, is she? Sticking her nose in other people's business!" He got up. He reached for his hat on top of the office safe. "All right. I'll fix her. I'll go out there and fix her. I'll send her packing."

"And how are you going to do that?"

"It won't be hard," he said ominously. "If Morel keeps her, I'll close him up. You can always figure out a way to fix it so a man can't get a license. You can always fix it so his place is dirty, or has germs or something. Don't worry. I'll get her out of there! Who does she think she is, anyway?"

MINNA CAME downstairs, a little later that morning, just after Susan had left for one of her quiet walks in the valley, and found Jean standing at the back door with his great-grandmother's precious recipe book in his hand, watching Susan, who was going down the slope toward the brook. Minna slipped her arm through his and stood looking after Susan too. She said, "Jean."

"What is it then, Minna?"

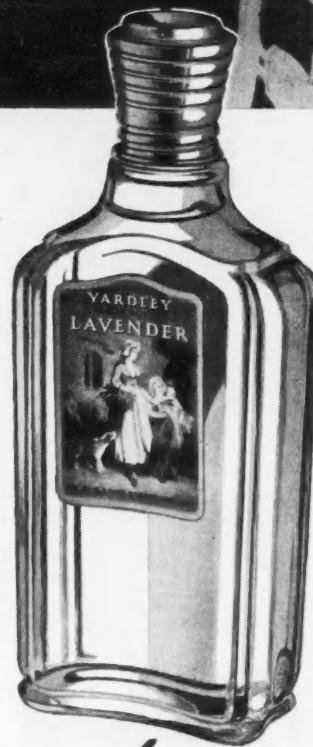
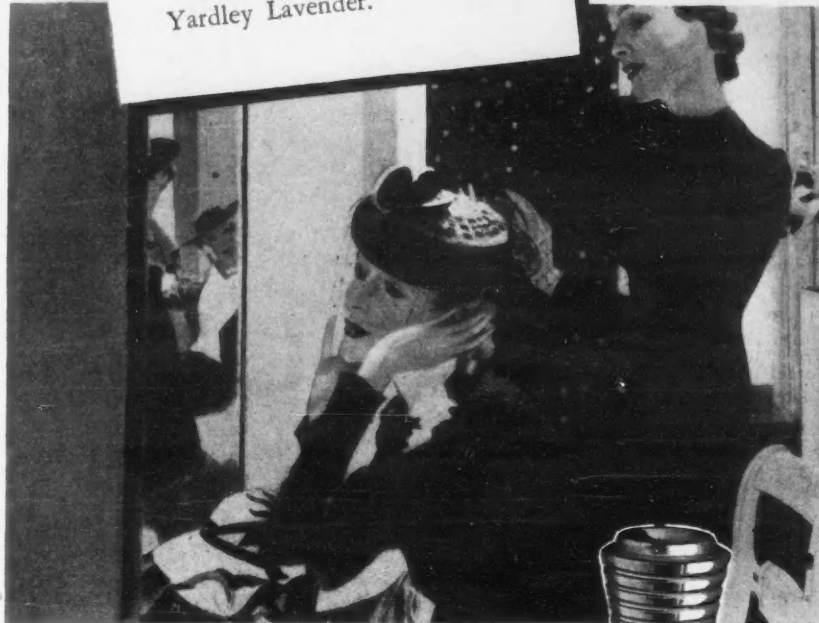
"I am not so happy about that one, about Susan. I am not happy at all about her."

Jean sighed deeply. "I know."

"It would take nothing for her to love him, the young doctor, and I think he loves her already, but he does not know. And how happy they would be! Never were there two who were so right for each other, and yet he is to marry the girl who will be no good for him, who will be no good for anybody; she will stab him and pull him and tear at him like a harpy, and turn him into a tired man. It is not a thing I like to see, Jean."

Jean said, "Sometimes I wonder what *le bon dieu* is thinking. It is incredible to suppose that He is thinking nothing, that His glance is turned away, that He

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watch them, too, out of his big front windows. He got a lot of ideas, merchandising and political, from watching the people out of those front windows.

Flying down Main Street through the people beginning to crowd in for the day's shopping, Marian hated them all. How she was going to stand them after she was married to Jim, she couldn't imagine. She hated them. How could she keep from showing that she hated them? But she had to, for a while. She had to until she could get Jim full of reasons about why they had to go away from here.

She made her way up the stairs to her father's office. "Hello there, daughter," her father said, putting down the cradle phone. "What you want, money?"

She dropped down into the chair beside his desk. "Father, you know that girl who's washing dishes out at Morels'? Susan something or other, I don't know what? Plain girl, little, not saying much, butter wouldn't melt in her mouth? You know her?"

"I can't say I know her," he said, looking at Marian, puzzled. "What about her? I guess I've seen her. Sure, I've seen her. She's not so plain. Got kind of a sweet face. It comes up in your mind. What about her?"

"Well, she's an interfering little busy-body and I want her out of here. That's all."

"What's the matter with her?"

"I told you. She interferes. What is she, anyway? Just a girl who's gone in partnership with that Frenchman, and who's he? Nobody. But she thinks she's the whole universe. She's making a fool of me. Last night at the party if I heard it once I heard it ten times—she's been around the country with Jim, she went out to Hesseys' and worked with him there."

"Shhh . . ."

"Oh, well," Marian said bitterly, but she lowered her voice. She leaned back a little and relaxed. "She's been driving the country with him. The other night, he took her up and showed her over the old hospital site behind Judge Guthrie's—had her by the hand. Oh, I know he isn't in love with her, he's in love with me. I don't care anything about that. But he's making a fool of me. We're going to be married in another week, and I won't have it."

### Description of Simplicity Patterns

No. 3686—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 requires 3 1/4 yards 39" fabric; 2 1/2 yards 54" fabric for dress. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3701—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 39" fabric; 2 1/2 yards 54" fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3689—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 39" fabric; 2 1/2 yards 54" fabric for dress; 1/2 yard 35" or 39" fabric for vestee. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3694—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 5 yards 39" fabric; 3 1/2 yards 54" fabric for short sleeved dress and bolero. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3662—Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 12 requires 3 1/2 yards 35" fabric; 2 yards 54" fabric for jacket and skirt; 1 1/2 yards 35"; 1/2 yard 39" fabric for blouse with short sleeves. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3663—Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12 requires 2 1/2 yards 35"; 2 1/2 yards 39" fabric for dress; 1/4 yard 35" or 39" fabric for collar; 3 1/2 yards 35"; 2 1/2 yards 54" fabric for coat; 1/4 yard 35" or 39" fabric for detachable collar for coat. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3666—Sizes 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15 requires 2 1/2 yards 35"; 2 1/2 yards 39"; 2 1/2 yards 44"; 2 yards 54" fabric for dress. 1/4 yard 35"; 39" or 44" fabric for collar, 6 yards 1/2" width lace edging. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3697—Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 12 requires 3 yards 35" fabric; 2 1/2 yards 39" fabric for dress; 1/4 yard 35" or 39" fabric for contrast. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3665—Sizes 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15 requires, 4 yards 35" fabric; 3 1/2 yards 39" fabric; 2 1/2 yards 54" fabric for jacket and skirt; 1 1/2 yards 35" fabric; 1 1/4 yards 39" lengthwise striped fabric for blouse with short sleeves. Price, 20 cents.

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Jim did not answer.  
"You could have saved her if you'd had the hospital."  
"Probably not," Jim said levelly.  
"Why not?"  
"Oh, I'd probably have muffed it."  
She turned. She looked at him scornfully. "And now who's being sick out by the grindstone?"

She had hit him square. He blinked. Then suddenly he pulled the corners of his mouth down. "Right," he said.  
"You lie down and go to sleep," she commanded. "Were you up all night?"  
"Maybe I was."

"Could you have saved her if you'd had the hospital?"  
"I could have had a mighty good try. She should have been flat on her back where we could watch her. But," he pointed out, "we haven't got the hospital. If I'd been—if I'd had what it takes, we'd have had it long ago. We'd have had it, and she'd be alive, and old Jeff..."

"And if everything had been perfect when the world was created there'd be nothing for anybody to do, did you ever think of that? You've been struggling with a new idea, your co-operative plan for a hospital is good, and reasonable. You're about ready to make it come to life. It seems to me you've done about what you could. I think you'd better go to sleep and wake up sensible."

He dropped back on the grass. She was right. She was wonderful. She was just soft enough and just tough enough. You could always come back to her with self-respect; because although you came to her for comfort, and you knew it and she knew it, she wouldn't make it too soft or too apparent. It wasn't the sort that would degrade a man's strength.

He lay on his side, looking at her. He could not quite see her face. She sat upright on the grass, a little ahead of him, watching the haze in the valley. Jim propped his cheek on his palm and thought about her.

He was pretty sleepy. But all the time he was going to sleep he kept thinking that what he really wanted to do was to reach out and pull her over to him, and put an arm under her and hold her there against him, warm and comforting, and go to sleep with his lips against her cheek.

JIM WOKE up with a start, a long time after. He saw the sky first, and it was the bright cloudless sky of mid-afternoon, and the shadows were afternoon shadows. Then he turned his head and his mother was sitting beside him, knitting placidly. There was a lunch basket on the grass beside her.

She said comfortably, "I thought you'd be waking up soon. You've been moving around quite a bit, the last few minutes."

"How'd you get here?"  
"Susan came and told me where you were. She thought somebody might be looking for you."

"You mean I was left here all alone and undefended, sound asleep, the prey of any vagrant lion or tiger that might come by? I don't think that was very nice of Susan, to go off and leave me. I might have been devoured. Or anything."

"Mostly anything," his mother said cheerfully. She finished off a row and put down the knitting. She reached for the basket. "I brought you some cold chicken."

Jim yawned and stretched. He sat up slowly and took the plate. "It looks

Continued on page 45



**I'M SO LONELY!**

Betty is pretty, clever, but hasn't many friends because... (LET'S LISTEN IN)

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is perhaps sleeping. Surely He has a plan. It must be that with two such as these, with the good little Susan, so kind, so gentle, so sweet, so unselfish, and with the young doctor who has nothing in him that is not true and good, it must be that something will come for them."

"It had better come quickly," Minna said ominously.

The bell over the dining-room door rang sharply, and Jean gave Minna a quick squeeze and turned to go from the kitchen. But footsteps came across the dining-room floor, and when the door opened it was the young doctor himself, with a drawn face and eyes that were deep sunk in his head.

He said in a dull voice, "Where is Susan?"

Jean stared at him. Minna said quickly, "She has gone over into the wood, doctor. For a little quiet walk. You will find her there."

He strode through the kitchen without a word and let the door bang after him. He went down the slope with long steps and leaped the brook.

Jean looked at Minna. Minna looked at Jean.

Minna said tremulously, "Something has happened. Something unhappy has happened. He goes to her, do you not see?" She dropped down into a chair. "It may be the turn of the tide."

They were still looking at each other, wondering, when the brakes of a car screeched suddenly at the front of the house, and the bell at the front jangled as if it were being pulled off the wall. This new arrival came through the dining room as the doctor had done, and out into the kitchen before Jean could get to the door.

Jean and Minna stared at him in amazement. It was the mayor, Mayor Parsons, with a face as red as fire, and eyes glittering with rage. He said coldly, "Morel, where's that girl works for you? Get her here, will you? I've got some things I want to say to her."

Jean's face was suddenly bland, serene. He said, "I am extremely sorry, sir, but just now she is not here."

"When'll she be back?"

Jean shrugged. "Sir, it would not be possible to say. It may be a time before she is through her errand. Could it be that I might be of service?"

The mayor stared at him with his popping eyes. Like a fish, Minna found herself thinking, like a dead fish ready to be slit up the middle and stuffed with herbs and bread crumbs. Like an old dead fish.

He said to Jean, "Sit down. I've got a few things I'd like to say to you."

Jean sat down. But as he moved he cast a glance at Minna, so that she faded herself away through the door that led into the shed, and from there down the edge of the slope, keeping well out of sight of the kitchen windows, to the brook. There she sat herself down on a mossy log, and waited.

SEEING ONE of his patients die always broke Jim. The trouble was, none of the people he tended were just patients, they were friends, people he had known all his life, people whose hopes and dreams and plans he knew probably better than anybody in the country. Some of them he didn't care very much for personally, perhaps, but as a doctor he cared about them a great deal, so that he got the blow somewhere in full force. It wasn't good sense for a man to take it so hard. Plenty of other doctors were as bad as he was. Jim knew. They took that final certainty hard, and

it was tough. You had to fight it all the time, so that it shouldn't keep you away from your work. Usually Jim went out into the back roads and drove it off. His mother was a fine person to go to when he felt this way, but his mother had had her years of it, with his father coming home with the black look on him, not saying anything; Jim had seen it happen a good many times. His mother had had her share, it wasn't fair to make her take any more.

And as for Marian . . .

It was pretty weak for a man to need anybody. But just for a little while he felt so helpless and useless and alone.

He went home, after little Mrs. Larkin had given up, but he didn't go into the house. He found himself going over to Morels', in an automatic sort of way, looking for Susan. He didn't want to talk to anybody, of course, not to Susan or anybody, but there would be a kind of look on her face, of gentleness and understanding. Not a soft look, not pity. A man didn't want pity, he wanted understanding, something that would take into account his own feeling that everything wasn't what it should have been, that there had to be something better; that kind of understanding, a firm strong kind. Not personal.

The Morels said that she was over in the wood. He went to find her.

She was at the top of the hill, just at the turn of the path into the valley. Jim saw the flutter of her skirt beyond the stump and went on, to stop beside her. She was higher than he, a foot or two, so that as she turned she looked down into his face.

For a moment she was startled, staring at him wordless. Then a darkness came into her eyes, looking at him, and she swallowed. She said, "Something very bad has happened."

Jim put a hand against the stump, close beside her, and looked at it. He said evenly, "Mrs. Larkin is dead. I couldn't save her."

There was a silence. Jim went on staring at his fist, strong and brown, pushed against the grey wood. Not strong enough. Not good enough.

She was motionless. She said nothing. After a long time Jim straightened his shoulders. He pulled himself together. He was going to say something to her, something like . . .

He looked up at her, and her eyes were brimming with tears. So that the hardness in Jim broke, too, and he made a sound like a groan, and put his arms round her and his head on her breast. And her own arms came up and around him, and one hand touched his head gently, and held it there against her.

But that was only for a minute; so that before Jim came to himself she had given his shoulder a quick impersonal sort of pat and then loosened herself from his hold; and moved away, across the path to the grassy knoll that commanded the valley. She kept her face turned away from him and sat down on the grass there. She said in a steady controlled voice, "Come and sit down, Jim. I suppose you were up all night. You must be tired."

He followed her slowly, and sat down beside her, his hands linked between his propped knees. There was a haze down in the valley, low over the river. Probably smoke from some campers' fire. Jim watched it steadily.

Susan's voice was cool and firm when she spoke. She said, "Isn't she the one who had all the miscarriages, trying to have a baby? Minna was telling me about her."

swell," he said. "I guess I'm hungry." Jim ate with enjoyment, while his mother sat quietly, knitting steadily. He felt fine again, rested and ready to go. Fine. Maybe a little . . . well, if Susan had been here it would have been very nice. To wake up and find her here. "Jim."

"Yes, mother?"

Her hands stopped working. She put the knitting down in her lap, reached up with one hand and straightened her glasses. "Jim, I'm afraid I'm going to do something I swore I'd never do. I don't want to do it and yet it looks to me as if I have to. Will you forgive me?"

Jim grinned, rolled over, and groped in the lunch box for the apple pie. "Sounds pretty bad," he said. "What is it, I don't put my socks in the laundry bag, after all? I don't know if I can take a real tough scolding on a full stomach. Still, you know best."

She took her glasses right off and rubbed her eyes.

"Jim . . . listen to me. I don't know, sometimes you worry me. You're practically unconscious about yourself, that's what's the matter with you."

"Mmm. Bad, eh?"

"Yes, it is bad. I don't like selfishness, nobody does; but there's a point where it has to come into any picture to keep it balanced. For instance, when you go to buy yourself a necktie, do you know what you do? You take the very first tie they offer you. It isn't because you don't want to bother making a choice, it's because you've got a kind of innate humility that says anything will do for you, and a kind of innate certainty that your personal concerns aren't worth wasting time and energy over."

"Oh, I don't think so, mother. That's stupid!"

"Just what I'm saying, Jim. It's pretty stupid. And yet it's what you do. With neckties, maybe it doesn't matter very much. But when it comes to an important choice . . ." She took up the edge of her knitting and polished her glasses absently. Jim took them out of her hand, got out his handkerchief and polished them properly. She took them from him and put them on. "I don't

think I'd speak up even now if it wasn't that—this choice is going to ruin everything for you."

He looked at her quickly.

She said, "You'll be married in a week. Have you ever really thought about it, Jim? Have you ever thought about Marian being your wife, about coming home to her? Or have you just been engaged to her for so long, and been so busy, particularly lately, that you haven't stopped to think at all, you just go on taking things for granted? Please, just for this minute, Jim, don't take things for granted. Put your mind ahead, think about yourself and your own feelings. Can you imagine coming home to Marian when—when things are as they were today?"

After a long time Jim took his eyes away from hers. He said nothing.

"When you wanted the thing a woman has for a man, warmth and security and—and roots and belongings, you went to Susan. I saw you. I saw you go. It nearly broke my heart, knowing how blindly you went. Forgive me, Jim. That's why I'm speaking now. Because you went so blindly, so instinctively."

Jim picked a blade of grass carefully. He smoothed it flat, he regarded the exact seam down the middle.

"Sure," he said to himself. "Sure."

It was the answer to a question he had just asked himself

DOROTHY WAS alone in the big quiet house, and it was a relief to be alone. Every minute when Marian and her father were here she had to be watching, she had to be careful of herself, of what she said and how she stood and how she moved, and it was getting worse every day. It was . . . horrible.

She had explained that awful feeling to Susan, and Susan had said in her steady quiet way that the thing to do was to face it out at once, tell her father and Marian, and have it over with. But she couldn't. That was impossible. Susan didn't understand. She just didn't know what would happen, the wildness, the anger, the terrible anger that she would have to face.

Continued on page 46

## ★ ALICE LOUISE HEMMING

husband, Major H. H. Hemming. For some years the Hemmings lived in Paris, and later in Berlin at the time of the coming into power of the Nazis. With her husband she travelled a good deal in Europe and northern Africa.

Mrs. Hemming has two children, a boy and a girl, and is now with them in Vancouver. Her husband is in the Royal Artillery.

While in London Mrs. Hemming for the past three years has been "Girl Friday" to the Marquess of Donegall, whose weekly page—"Almost In Confidence"—in the *Sunday Dispatch* is a leading feature. She has also written various magazine articles.

Under family orders Mrs. Hemming closed her London home and came to care for her children in Canada. She is busily at work now as special correspondent of the *London Daily Mail* and is doing newspaper and radio work in British Columbia. She is vigorously interested in Red Cross work but feels however that her big war job is lecturing to women's organizations and student groups in the West. ■



THE VIGOROUSLY interesting article on the Churchill children in this issue of *Chatelaine* was written by a young Canadian newspaperwoman, who has had a particularly interesting life. She hails originally from British Columbia, where she graduated with honors in English at the University of B.C. For some years she was on the editorial staff of the *Vancouver Sun*, later going to England, where she met her future



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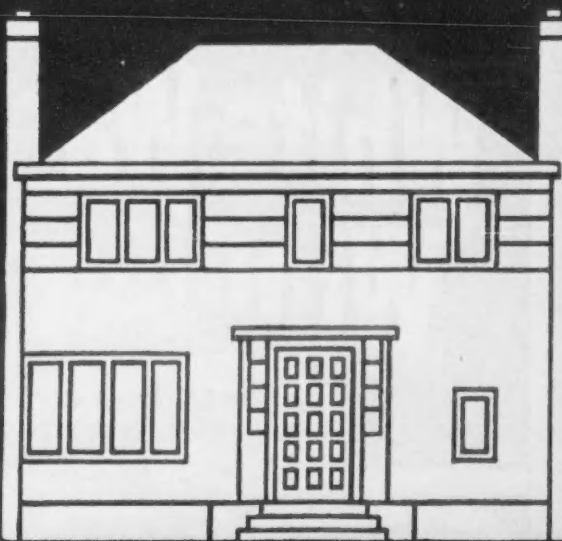
There is only one place to get the money Canada needs to win this war—from the people of Canada. A large part will come from business firms and people with large incomes. They will pay high taxes and buy heavily of War Loan Bonds. But more money is needed . . . a great deal more. \$10,000,000 a month is expected from men, women and children who invest in War Savings Certificates.

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*regularly!*

# YOUR HOME

Editor: EVAN PARRY, FRANK



A DRAWING FOR HOUSE PLANNING, DECORATING AND FURNISHING

## SPRING DECORATION



A DUNN PHYE table, crystal lamps and separate mirror with powder bench combine well with turquoise draperies and gold mesh glass curtains

**I**NSTINCTIVE in each of us is the urge to create in our home a beautiful and tasteful environment—one in which we can live, and entertain, with pride and enjoyment. The fact that your house may be small, makes it all the more important that decoration and furnishings be selected wisely. We all know they have a vital bearing on our attitude toward life—as well as telling other people what we are like.

Spring fashions in decorations and furnishings are quite as much a matter for personal concern as our fashions in clothes. Little accessories can transform the scene entirely; such as occasional tables, which are getting larger. Some are even getting higher. The trend toward too many small tables has turned, and while the small table will always have a certain place, the need for good-sized tables is now being appreciated. In place of the small end table, the tendency is toward the use of small chests of drawers or cabinets that are more useful.

### Color Combinations

**THE COLORS** this year for spring decoration are very interesting. Two of the most sophisticated rooms I have seen for a long time are monotone ensembles, based on a range of dull old

gold tones. In the case of a maple-furnished room, a monotone color scheme stencilled with an India print effect was most charming. In one apartment the piano had been placed in the centre of the room on a round rug, with easy chairs placed in conversational groups around the walls, thus making the room a small concert hall without disturbing its comfort as a sitting room.

In another case I found three turquoise velvet armchairs drawn around a small table in front of a wide double tier of windows. A delightful dining-living room had a trestle table which dominated the centre. Comfortable Windsor chairs were drawn up at the side, and big upholstered chairs in red and white checked chintz stood at either end, suggesting a different sort of combination room to the familiar one, in which the dining table is pushed out of the picture as much as possible. I recently came across a rather unusual bedroom which could be reproduced in your own home. The wallpaper had a white ground with a leaf pattern in brown and beige. The chintz fabrics were of beige and yellow pattern and a brown ground, and the bedspread a yellow ground with brown figure. Curtains were white with a yellow fringe, and the bedspread matched the curtains. The furniture consisted of a high chest of drawers which could be shared ■ Continued on page 51





*"What's the rush my dear?"*

*"I'm on my way to a Sale of"*

## COLONIAL SHEETS & PILLOWSLIPS

Of course she's in a hurry! Who isn't when it's Whitewear Sale time and Colonial Sheets and Pillow Slips are the feature attraction!

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She left her room after a while, and went downstairs. And there was a letter lying on the hall floor where it had been slid under the front door.

Dorothy stared at it. Letters weren't delivered to the doors, here in Cedarvale. You had to go to the post office to get your mail. Sometimes there might be an advertisement in an envelope, but it wouldn't be addressed in bad handwriting to Miss Marian Parsons. And sealed.

Dorothy picked it up and turned it over and over in her hands. It was just an envelope, there might be anything in it. An invitation to tea, anything.

She heard a car come down the street and stop at the curb. She tore the envelope open.

The letter was what she had known it must be. The thing she had been waiting for. It was bound to come. It wasn't as if—as if people loved her father and Marian, as if anybody would come to them kindly and say . . . and be helpful, and kind, and say . . .

No things weren't like that. This letter wasn't kind. It said:

"Well, Miss Marian Parsons,

So maybe you're going to get something like you're so good at handing out. Maybe you are. You don't care anything about how a woman feels, waiting at home, thinking and worrying about a girl like you, trying to take her husband away from her. She knows about you. You've been after him for a long time, and he's got to keep peace with you or you'd see there was no business for him in this town. It's hard on her, worrying. Still, maybe you don't care. She won't talk and you don't care anything about how other folks feel. But you care a lot about how you feel.

So maybe you won't laugh this one off so easy. Maybe you'll come down off your high horse now. What's happening to your sister? There's lots of people going to enjoy the crash. Pride goeth before a fall, and a person always gets paid in her own money, you ever hear that?"

Dorothy stood against the archway, reading it. Over and over. The words reeled through her mind, evil words, ugly, filthy words. They poisoned the whole world.

Mrs. Les Sutton. You had to remember it was Mrs. Les Sutton that would write a letter like that. It had to be, because she hated Marian so much. Ben Brown was Mrs. Sutton's sister's husband and she hated Marian. And just today Dorothy had passed her on the street.

It was only Mrs. Les Sutton, it wasn't everybody, being so . . . so . . .

The front door opened. Jim put his head in. He said, "Anybody home?" And then saw Dorothy.

Dorothy had the letter against her. Jim mustn't see it. Jim mustn't see it no matter what happened. She couldn't move, she was like ice; she just stood there, holding the letter pressed against her.

Jim came in and shut the door behind him. He came over to her quickly and took hold of her arm just about the elbow. He said, "What is it, Dorothy?"

Dorothy laughed. She heard herself laughing. She cried, too, and the tears ran down her face and she didn't care. She cried and laughed together, and she couldn't stop, but she kept the letter pressed close to her.

Jim lifted her and put her on the sofa,

and went and got some water. "Stop that," he said sternly.

Dorothy tried to stop. She quieted herself a little, and drank the water. She stopped laughing, but the tears went on running down her face and wouldn't stop, and that was queer, because she hadn't cried for a long time, now. Not really since they took Dickie away. Not really.

Jim sat down on the sofa beside her. "Give me that letter," he said.

But Dorothy folded it together and held it tight in her hand. "It isn't the letter. That's got nothing to do with it. The letter doesn't count. It doesn't make any difference. It's just a letter. It's just a letter that says . . . I'm going to have a baby. You see? It isn't the letter that counts. It's that I'm going to have a baby. Didn't you know that, Jim? You're a doctor. Couldn't you tell to look at me? I haven't let you look at me very much. I've been clever. I didn't want anybody to know. Not too soon. Not even you. You're kind, you wouldn't talk to me like father and Marian, but you're a doctor and you're going to marry Marian and she can talk you into anything. I wasn't going to let you see if I could help it."

Jim's face darkened, as he sat there looking down at her. He got up, after a minute, and stood in the middle of the floor. He said flatly, "It's obvious enough. I guess I've been a stupid unobservant fool."

"Jim, they can't take it away now, can they? It's too late, isn't it? They can't, can they?"

"You want this baby, Dorothy?"

"It's Dickie's baby. I'm married to him. I want it."

He came back and sat on the arm of the sofa. He was awfully nice, Jim was. Looking at him, Dorothy thought how nice he was, and the tears came faster than ever. There was something so strong and fine about him, his lean square shoulders, his long brown hands, his mouth so quiet and steady, his level troubled eyes. He—he was in this too. She had made trouble for him, too.

"You'd better stop crying like that," he said evenly. "You'll make yourself sick." Then, "You mean you married him before he was sent up for trial?"

"We were married on the second of April. In the city. I've got my certificate."

He looked at her. He said, "Apparently Marian and your father still don't know."

She began to shiver. It was as if some kind of control that she had been holding tight and strong had broken, and she couldn't manage herself any more. If Marian came in the door now she would see. The idea terrified Dorothy. Now that it was so close she couldn't face it. She went on shivering; she got icy cold and shook as if she were just coming out of being frozen. She couldn't stop.

She whispered, "Jim, Jim . . . don't make me tell them. I can't tell them. I can't."

He said wearily, "No, I don't think you can." He got up. "Come along, then," he said. "I'll take you out to mother. You can stay with her while I see them. I think that's the best way."

He slid an arm under her and helped her up. He got out his handkerchief and wiped her eyes, and gave her the handkerchief to keep because her own was sodden.

She didn't notice that the letter, still close-folded, was on the sofa, half hidden down behind the cushion. She didn't even miss it. ■ To be Concluded

by the way the stairs have been planned. For instance, there is no half space landing or hallway upstairs. Another good point is that the roof was insulated so as to avoid drafts along the bedroom floors, to conserve heat during the winter and to keep the upstairs rooms cool during the torrid heat of the summer.

Plaster board was used for the interior finish, and red cedar shingles, stucco and stripping on outside walls of the gable ends. Our correspondent discovered that good paint on plaster board is better than calcimine.

The kitchen woodwork and pantry are finished with a washable spar varnish and can easily be wiped with a damp cloth, then dull polished, which keeps it clean for a long time. The living room floor is oak, but from experience the occupant would, if doing it again, use

inlaid linoleum. She considers it more suitable, because such a room gets a good deal of wear and tear, especially where there are small children.

Obviously much thought has been given to the whole planning, inasmuch as the door leading to the living room is a glazed French door which can be closed without cutting off the light leading to the staircase down to the basement. The ironing board has found a handy place in the kitchen, built in the wall. Bookcases are built in the living room on either side of the fireplace and the west window. This farm home is small, but has space where space is needed. It was the first house that our reader had ever planned, and she enjoyed watching her plans materialize. Incidentally, the local teacher is boarded in the house and even with extra farm help they do not feel crowded. ■



## Pointers for the Home



IVY SHOULD never be allowed to grow on the face of wood siding, because in growing it may split the wood. Ivy tendrils will pass entirely through the wall of a frame house.

☆☆

Poor heating in old-style hot water systems can be greatly improved by speeding up circulation through the use of a circulating pump.

☆☆

In some houses heated with oil burners, drapes and walls over radiators become darkened and soiled. To overcome this, see that the oil burner is properly adjusted and keep the under and hidden parts of the radiator thoroughly clean. Much of the soiling is probably due to dust carried up in currents of heated air.

☆☆

Yellow stains on a bath tub, caused by water remaining in the tub for a long period, can be removed by filling the tub with water to above the level of the stains, adding Javelle water or other bleaching liquid containing chlorine, and allowing the water to stand all night.

☆☆

To test whether the basement floor is damp, lay a piece of linoleum on the floor for a day or two during damp weather. If on lifting it you find the floor damp underneath, no ordinary paint will last, but a special brand can be obtained at your local paint store which is resistant to lime and moisture.

☆☆

Painting glazed tile surfaces is not advisable. The paint will chip.

Never use caustic soap or harsh powders on linoleum surface of tables or counter tops, and avoid flooding the linoleum with water. Floor wax can be used in thin coats well rubbed in, but do not use linseed oil.

☆☆

To clean a velvet living room set, sponge with tetrachloride or other spot-cleaning liquids, but look out for streaky results. Do this job with care.

☆☆

Corduroy slip coverings on some of the pieces of furniture in your home give a



note of distinction. This material can be obtained in warm colors which will blend with most of the fabrics in the room.

☆☆

To bleach walnut chairs, first remove all traces of grease. Then apply a saturated oxalic acid solution and allow it to remain on the wood overnight. Rinse with clear water. When the wood is dry, rub down with fine sandpaper, then wipe the surface with benzine and finish with a coat of thin white shellac or a clear lacquer. A stronger bleach than the oxalic acid can be obtained at paint stores and is a prepared bleaching liquid. When using benzine, be careful of fire.



"Now it's a grand house  
for all three of us . . .



*but thank goodness it rained  
before we rented it!"*

"WE loved the house the minute we saw it! It seemed perfect. Just the right number of rooms, just the right plan, just enough property.

"Then the day before we were to sign the lease, we thought we would look at it once more. While we were inside, it started to rain. Thank goodness it did!

"We found water seeping through the roof at two of the dormers, because the metal flashings had rusted through. And outside, there were several rust leaks in the eavestroughs. Since we hadn't yet signed the lease, the owner, as an inducement, installed rustless copper flashings and copper eavestroughs and downspouts. Now our worries are over."

When you rent a house or an apartment, be sure to look for the hidden construction values that can mean so much in comfort and freedom from annoyance. Look for rustless plumbing of copper tube or brass pipe; for a copper rain disposal system; for a rustless Everdur water tank; and make sure your screens are of durable bronze wire. So much of your pleasure and comfort depends on these four vital services.

Send for our Free booklet, "Copper, Brass and Bronze Throughout Your Home." Use it as a guide whether you are renting a house or an apartment. Especially, if you are building your own home, follow its counsel.



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WHITE WASHES IN WINTER



## GET CLOTHES SHADES WHITER EVEN IN MID-WINTER ...with this amazing "NO-SCRUB" soap that's Really Safe!

NOW—see clothes come so sparkling white you'd think they had dried in the summer sun! See washable colors come bright and gay as a day in June—thanks to a new miracle soap creation, High-Test OXYDOL!

Fortified by a revolutionary new soap ingredient, High-Test Oxydol has been proved to do these amazing things:

(1) Gets white clothes as much as 9 to 11 Tintometer shades whiter than many popular soaps.

(2) Soaks out dirt in just 10 minutes. No scrubbing, no boiling—a few quick rubs for extra-dirty spots, a good douse, rinse, and you're through! You needn't even touch a washboard.

Yet High-Test Oxydol is SAFE for every washable color and fabric. So safe that even gay cotton prints, given the equivalent of

more than a full year's washing, came out brilliant, sparkling, fresh. And it's kinder to hands than a whole group of popular soaps—doesn't make hands red or rough!

Ideal for tub washing, High-Test Oxydol also works wonders in washing machines old or new. Its rich, thick suds soak out dirt while the washer is running—give DOUBLE-ACTION wash.

Money-saving, too—Oxydol goes so much farther than less economical soaps, it can cut laundry soap bills as much as one-fourth!

So no matter what soap you've been using, try new High-Test OXYDOL for your next washing. See if you aren't thrilled with the snow-white winter washes you get—with speed and safety—compared to any soap you've ever tried!

MADE IN CANADA



## This Practical Farmhouse ...designed by a Chatelaine Reader

By EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.



WHEN Chatelaine House Clinic was started, a long-felt want was urgently waiting to be satisfied. However, little did we dream that it would be the means of creating such an interest that readers who shared similar problems would be keen on helping other readers in their plights. Nevertheless, such is the case, and a Saskatchewan reader proves it when she says that "the help I have received through Chatelaine's House Clinic inspires me to pass on to others my own experience in building a new farm home similar in accommodation and size to the one required by a correspondent in your columns."

Our reader goes on to state that "when we decided to build, I pored over plan books, but found almost all the plans were for city or town homes and not practicable for the farm. So I planned this one myself, and I can assure you that we are quite comfortable and our friends often remark on its roominess. I can feed the threshers in the kitchen, or entertain the Ladies' Aid in the living room, and our bedroom upstairs is large and airy. We have two children and their room is quite comfy. In view of our success, perhaps you will think it worth while to pass our plans on to the other readers whose problem seems to be the same as that which confronted us."

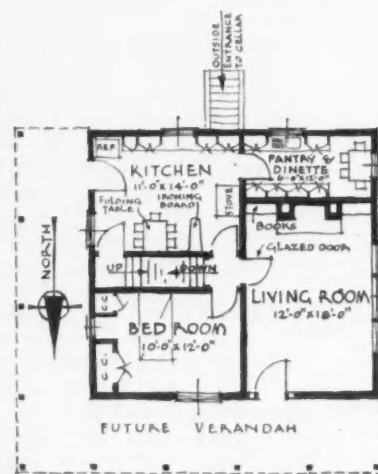
THE ACCOMMODATION of this farm home consists of one large living room, kitchen, pantry and one bedroom on the first floor and two bedrooms and bathroom on the second floor. Obviously a woman has had a hand in the plans,

as you will notice ample clothes closets are provided for the bedrooms and also in other parts of the house. Even the window seats in two of the bedrooms are used for storage. The twelve-foot dormer on the north side of the roof adds interest to the bedrooms and permits alcoves for window seats. It is the intention of the owner to have an eight-foot enclosed verandah built around the north and east, which in that district will be a Godsend. Incidentally, there is a full basement under the house, well ventilated, bright and airy.

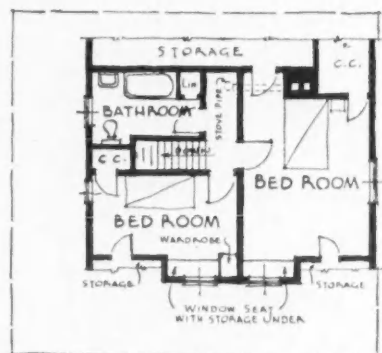
The living technique of the house is such that the men come in through the basement to wash and leave their farm clothes. Usually two extra men are engaged for the summer, for whom there are provided two beds and a cook stove where they can heat their bath water, etc., and have a cool spot to lounge around between times. The lady of the house washes in the basement, and bakes bread and irons clothes there in the hot weather, all of which I think you will agree is an excellent arrangement.

The pantry space on the first floor adjacent to the kitchen is so planned that it can be used as a dinette. By way of variation a gate-leg table in the living room can be used. This answers a dual purpose—for company dinners or the family. The ingenious planning of the pantry and dinette enables her to stir up a cake or wash dishes away from the heat, as there is always a breeze through the west window.

WHEN BUILDING the fireplace, a concrete base was provided from the cellar up, with a double chimney. By so doing a cosy nook upstairs was provided for small children's cribs. It has been found in living in this house that there is no inconvenience caused



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For flat roofs there are some simple precautions which are often neglected by roofers, such as nailing the base flashing. It is essential that the upper edge of a base flashing be secured to the wall. In brickwork, nails may be driven into a mortar joint. In concrete, wood-fixing strips should be built in the wall. This applies particularly to parapet walls and chimney stacks. Another spot where there is often trouble is where a vent pipe comes through the roof. Inexperienced roofers often try to save money by flashing with roofing felts instead of metal. This is never safe, because the felt cannot be made to lie flat and tight around a circular opening.

A new development — perforated asbestos felt—for flat roof covering, makes application foolproof and practically eliminates the hazard of blistering. Blisters, in general, on flat roofs are formed when air is trapped in slight irregularities of the roof deck. The heat of the sun causes the trapped air to expand, and produces a blister. Perforated asbestos felt being more flexible conforms more readily to the deck and, in consequence, blistering troubles are reduced to a minimum. ■

### Spring Decoration

Continued from page 47

by two people, a night table, one easy chair, a draped dressing table, a dressing table bench, side chair and a small chest.

A very charming bedroom had grey-blue walls and the floor was covered with sand broadloom. Window curtains were white, green, blue and apricot, with a large detached pattern. The upholstery for the chairs was apricot and beige and the bedspread blue and white chenille.

A very intriguing living room had soft blue walls and taupe rug. A wing chair was covered with red linen on which was a hand-blocked design in white, and the sofa was covered with brown and white quilted chintz, which, with the bright colors in the pictures, and Caledon white for lamps and ornaments, made the room most attractive.

Today, texture weaves are one of the most exciting and stimulating features in decoration, particularly in a room which has walls painted in a plain color, calling for a figured rug with patterned fabrics and, to rest the eye, some plain fabrics.

A guest room I saw, had twin beds treated as one, and covered in rayon-quilted taffeta. The same taffeta covered the dressing table and bench. The walls were painted in a soft shade of pale mauve, and a deeper mauve was used for the upholstered chair. A beige rug, and white curtains, gave the finishing note to this interesting ensemble. In another house I came across a small bedroom which was pink and blue. The wallpaper had a pink ground with white and grey floral pattern, with the whole of the woodwork in the same color as the background of the paper.

A dining room with personality had a very gay wallpaper with a blue ground, and at the top of the wall a fringed design of pale pink. The whole of the woodwork was painted white. White curtains as a relief from blue walls, striped chair coverings in colors of the wallpaper, and one of the new two-tone blue rough-textured rugs, made this room particularly interesting. ■



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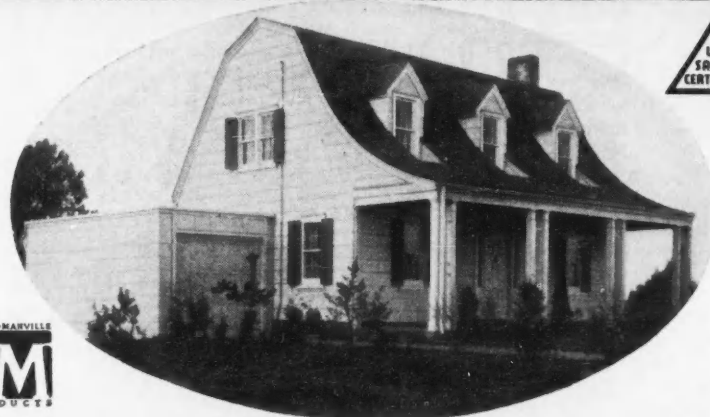
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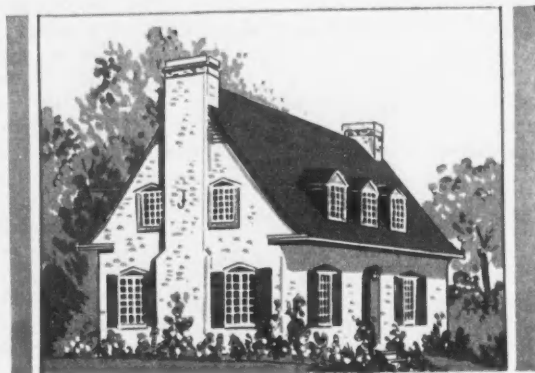
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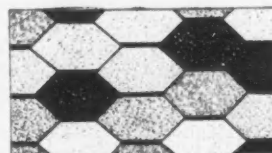
## On Roofs...



By Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C.

THE FIRST job of a roof is to protect, but protection is something which the home owner today may take for granted, and it is now possible, thanks to modern manufacturing and engineering skill, to consider the selection of a roof from the more artistic standard of style and appearance.

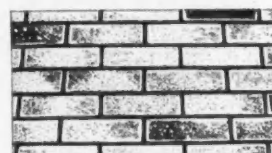
All ridges should be protected by ridge roll or by special ridge shingles, and hips also protected in the same manner as the ridge. Sheet metal, preferably copper, should be shaped like a tent, designed to prevent snow from collecting behind chimneys and copper strips inserted where the chimney meets the roof. Metal strips are also required to form valleys, where two roofs meet, for instance. These valleys are formed by bending the sheet metal on inside angles and carrying it under the roofs. Copper wire baskets should be placed over openings in gutters for the rain water leaders, to hold back leaves and debris.



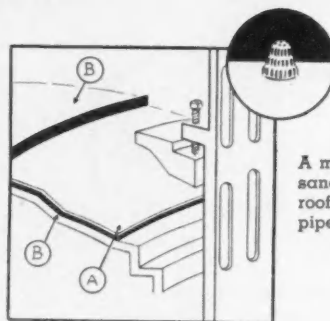
Hexagon shingles for the French habitant style and Cape Cod homes.



Broad shadow shingles, suitable for exposed houses where there are no trees.

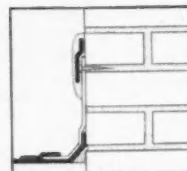


Hand dipped heavy tab shingles in multitone.



A metal flashing should be sandwiched between the roofing felts where drain pipes come through roof.

Base flashing on flat roofs should be secured to walls.

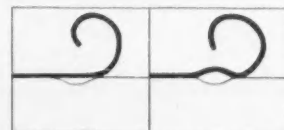


There is an insistent demand for colorful roofs that combine the advantages of fire resistance and years of service, but that at the same time are of attractive appearance. Roof coverings today meet this demand and are made of asbestos, asphalt and copper. Wood shingles are still being used in great quantities and very effectively, but it is advisable to have them impregnated to make them fire-resistant.

Roofing shingles should always be laid so that they overlap several inches, thus protecting the roof from possible

leakage. Composition shingles should be laid over a layer of strong waterproof paper, nailed to the sheathing. When wood shingles are called for, shingle lath may be used—narrow strips of wood spaced about two inches apart instead of being laid solid.

DIFFERENT styles of architecture naturally demand different types of roofing. The appropriateness of the material, its color, pattern and texture are all points to which you should give consideration.



Blisters are formed by expansion of trapped air.



Air is expelled through perforations in felt and reduces blisters.

ciously contrite Hillary had been. How sweetly she had forgiven him . . .

And afterward—a whole succession of women. Diana, the artist, and that snip of a cigarette girl, a perfect little horror, really. But Hillary had always come back to her. Always. Other women might lose their husbands by divorce, but she wouldn't. She clung feverishly to that hope.

Tonight—on their twentieth wedding anniversary — they'd have dinner by candlelight and play the Chopin preludes. Just the two of them. And she'd sing him the simple little song he liked; she hummed it now:

*Tell me the tales  
That to me were so dear,  
Long, long ago,  
Long ago . . .*

"Thank you, Henri. Thank you so much!"

She looked at her new coiffure—brushed up square at the sides, curling in soft, waving bangs, with the up-lines to accent the up-lines of her face.

"I am happy madame is pleased." Henri addressed her as he would address a grand duchess.

She decided suddenly to try the new shade of lipstick on the chart: Poinsettia. That girl—the girl with the eager, excited eyes she had passed coming in the shop—had worn it. An odd color. Too sophisticated, maybe. But Hillary liked surprises. Hillary would like it.

"And a manicure," she said aloud. "And may I have Heddy, please? To do my nails?"

HEDDY SMILED at the woman opposite the table, with her fingers spread out on the little manicure pad. Customers at Hyacinth House invariably asked for Heddy. There was something tonic about her eager youth. Her skin was the color of peach blossoms; she wore her blue-black hair in two braids wound about her head; her eyes were like Parma violets.

"I want that new shade on my nails," the woman was saying, with that faint weariness in her voice. "What's it called? Yes, Poinsettia." And she pointed to one of the new colors.

Heddy smiled at her again. She was rich, filthy rich, with her imported car and mink coat and her Peke, but that didn't deceive Heddy. Not one bit.

She was horribly unhappy. Heddy saw the unhappiness looking out of her eyes, anxious and eager, bleak and empty as though she lay awake nights frightened she was going to lose something.

"Never you mind," Heddy wanted to say to the woman. "Never you mind one bit." Because she couldn't bear—simply could not bear—that another human soul should be unhappy today!

Heddy's heart was beating in incredible excitement. A miracle had happened. Just a few hours ago, as she had come in from a late lunch at the drug-store down the street, the telephone in the locker room had jangled and he—be—had been on the other end of the wire.

"Heddy?" he'd said. "Hello! Listen, we're going places tonight. We're going to paint the old town pink. Like old times. What, Heddy?"

The miracle was that he should call her at all. She had known him ever since she could remember. Tim, her brother, had brought him to the flat in the suburbs when she wore pigtailed; she remembered the three of them sitting in her mother's spotless kitchen, eating

spice cookies, drinking milk, while he told them tall tales of what he was going to do when he graduated from that college he was working his way through.

Last year, just at this time, he'd stopped phoning her. Of course, there hadn't been anything—well, serious—between them. But there had been those walks across the park, those boat rides on the river, with the fireflies like stars gone crazy dancing in the bushes.

And once he had said, "Heddy — you're pretty! You remind me of my mother. Bet you'll be a great girl—when you grow up!"

Well, she was grown up now. Eighteen . . . Grown up enough to know exactly what she wanted from life.

When other girls talked about careers and success and money and possessions, she sometimes listened in surprise. Heddy wanted just one thing from life—she wanted marriage with him. During the last year she had gone through a little private torture poets and dreamers know nothing of—knowing exactly what she wanted, knowing the hopelessness of hoping.

He was seeing another girl. Tim told her first. Tim was getting married himself—now that her mother was dead—and moving his trucking business to another town. "Sure you can make out all right alone with your job at the beauty place, Heddy?" he asked anxiously.

Sure. Sure she could make out. Why not?

But then he had stopped phoning . . . I'll get him back tonight. I'll win him back. I don't care who the other girl is. I've got tonight! Anything can happen—tonight!

As she bent forward, lacquering the woman's nails in that new shade, Poinsettia, she longed, with passionate intensity, for a miracle. If she had lived a thousand years ago, she would not have hesitated to go to a magician for a love philtre. When the woman with the mink coat and unhappy eyes had finally gone, sailing off with her Peke under her arm, Heddy ran to her locker and counted the money in her purse. With the tip the lady had given there'd be enough.

Henri was standing alone in the first booth, smoking a cigarette. Heddy was astonished at her own temerity.

"I know it's against the rules, Mister Henri, but it's—so dreadfully important! I—you see, I have a special reason for—that is, I have the money here. If you'd just do something to my hair?"

Henri looked for a moment as though he were going to be angry. Then unexpectedly he smiled.

"Little cabbage," he said gently. "Why should not you, too, be beautiful? Come, we will make a Cinderella princess of you tonight for the—what you call it?—boy friend?"

Twenty minutes later, breathless, dewey-eyed in astonishment, Heddy stared at herself in the mirror.

Her blue-black braids, worn primly coiled about her head, were gone. In the mirror she faced a stranger, an unknown delight in her eyes, crazy joy dancing in her veins. But what had Henri done? She was lovely as a witch, with that extraordinary fuzz of curls like a halo about her head, and the long bob swinging to her shoulder.

"Oh, Henri—thank you, thank you so much!"

. . . Thank you so much, because when he sees me like this—but really sees me—he can't help noticing I'm not a gawky, pigtailed baby any more . . .

## GLASGOW WOMAN SAYS: "I HAVE FOUND THE MUSTARD TREATMENT VERY RELIABLE!"



It is nearly 35 years since Mrs. W. Mizzen left Glasgow, Scotland. She now lives in London, Ontario. "Being an old-timer who is well known in these parts," she said, "I am often called upon to help nurse my sick neighbors and friends. When the trouble is chest congestions, grippe, bronchial affection or an epidemic cold, I always use

a mustard poultice and I have found this treatment very reliable."

Mrs. Mizzen was taught how to use mustard as a remedy, by her mother in Scotland. And here in Canada while raising her own family of seven boys and two girls, Mrs. Mizzen has had ample opportunity to put mustard to the test and prove its reliability.

### Carried Poultice on Hot Water Bottle

Following the custom often recommended by physicians, Mrs. Mizzen adds enough water to make the mustard poultice somewhat wet. Then, to warm it up so that it will not chill the patient, she places the poultice on a

hot water bottle and carries it to the bedside. This clever idea of hers is well worth remembering. Be sure to remove the poultice from the patient in 20 minutes or less.

### Story Book and Mustard Bath For Children

"Youngsters pick up a cold about as quickly as anyone," declared Mrs. Mizzen, "and when I notice the first symptoms I insist on the feet being put into a mustard foot-bath and bring the young patient a story book. This

keeps the child amused for half an hour. Then the feet are dried and the youngster put to bed. This treatment is almost always successful in breaking up the cold—even if it's in the head."

### Medicinal Booklet Free!

Mustard has proved so valuable as a home remedy, that you should always have a tin handy for instant use. And keep with it a copy of our free booklet on the medicinal uses of mustard which explains the standard methods of

using it. If at all doubtful or anxious about pain or sickness, be sure to consult your physician. Use mustard to help in the relief of colds and other Winter ailments—also to ease the pains of rheumatism, neuritis, congestion, lumbago and other common troubles.

ENGLISH  
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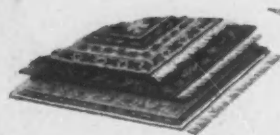
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TO NATURALLY  
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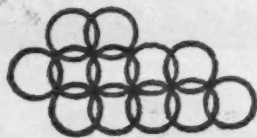
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Circle Tread Ozite is made in 3  
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sq. yd. Made of real Hair, with  
adhesive burlap center. Guar-  
anteed to satisfy.

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MADE IN CANADA

## CIRCLE TREAD Ozite RUG CUSHION

### Thursday Magic :: Continued from page 11

"I'm sorry, Steve. I simply can't. And that's final."

"But why?" His voice had the explosive directness of a pistol shot.

"It's — it's Mr. Carter-Wrightson again. He simply insists on my going out with him, Steve. You know my job practically depends on—on contacts like that."

"Don't give me that chestnut, Julie. What's up your sleeve?"

Ungallant of Steve! Furiously, she had hung up the receiver, cutting off his words: "All right! It's quits then, Julie! For good. If you break this date with me again tonight—"

But wouldn't a girl be foolish—absolutely insane—if she had a chance to go out with Carter-Wrightson and didn't take it? (Yes, the Carter-Wrightson, all that money, and after all, he was only fifty-two, and quite nice really, sending her those amazing orchids and saying, "But you're so refreshingly vital, Julie...") that last time he had taken her to lunch.)

Steve's jealous. He'll get over it. I'll patch things up when I see him again. But wait. Maybe he really meant what he said. Maybe I won't see him again.

Funny, that twist in her heart at the thought of not seeing Steve again. She thought she'd got over romantic emotionalism years ago. But there was something about Steve.

Henri was saying: "The hair-do, she is fini. Voilà, mam'selle!" And with a start Julie came back to the bright complications of the present.

But it was enchanting! Really! How had he managed? He had clipped off her tresses; only the ends remained, feathery as a baby's, yet the extreme of artless carelessness, of sophistication, was present. The gilded honey-gold tendrils curled with a deceiving innocence in a nimbus about Julie's small head; her eyes were the eyes of a nun, grey and cool, and that bright, that extraordinary, lipstick, Poinsettia, that would have made any other girl look like a hussy...

"Henri! It's perfect! But perfect!"

He bowed, with the carelessness of a great artist.

Just before she left the place, Julie hesitated a moment at the door. Even now there was time to call Steve. It wasn't too late. She could tell Carter-Wrightson she couldn't make it. She hesitated, drawing on her gloves, her face bright with indecision.

Outside, through the glass-panelled doors, she saw a limousine draw up at the curb. Isotta-Dusenbergs, she thought. A foreign car. And a chauffeur in livery. She saw the chauffeur open the door and a lady stepped out—a lady in mink, real mink, not dyed muskrat. She carried a Peke under her arm, and as she advanced toward the entrance of Hyacinth House you knew, immediately and without question, that she was of the grand monde.

She passed within an inch of Julie, sailing by with an air of hauteur; her eyes, weary and eager at once, met Julie's for a moment.

In the eyes of both women there was, for that one brief moment of contact, a curious envy.

A moment later Julie was outside, walking briskly down the crowded street, her mind made up. No, she wouldn't call Steve. She thought again of the Isotta Dusenbergs, the chauffeur, the mink coat. Yes, that, she thought, a

scarlet flag of defiance in her cheek, that was exactly what she wanted from life. Good-by, Steve. I'm sorry. Because it's settled now—forever. With any luck, she thought, if I play my cards cleverly, I can get—that—from Carter-Wrightson.

SYBILLA ALLOWED the girl to take her mink coat. She sat down heavily in the chair, staring at her face in the mirror.

"Who was that—girl—I just passed?" she asked the uniformed attendant in the back of the booth.

"Miss Severn, Modom. She's a client of Henri's."

"Ah."

Sybillia allowed the girl to wrap her in a transparent apron.

Her eyes, tired, eager, distrustful, roved about the booth, came back to her own reflection in the looking glass. I am forever looking in mirrors, she thought helplessly. But there was her poor human face, guiltless of rouge now, naked and sad, vulnerable somehow, staring back at her with those outrageous bags under the eyes.

Presently, she knew, a mask would appear. Little by little, in a series of minor miracles, under the skilled fingers of the operator, under the magic of the creams and lotions, the icy astringents, the subtle rouges and eye shadows, a new face would appear — the face with which Hillary had been away so much.

No, she thought in sharp rebellion; No! All at once she felt a horrible lassitude, an inertia, hanging heavy as chains on her spirit. Only Hillary could help, could lighten the load. And lately Hillary had been away so much.

I'm forty-six. I'm not old! I'm young yet, really! As young, inside, as that vivid girl I just passed. If only Hillary would realize...

"Henri is here, Modom."

She looked up vaguely. "Yes—yes. But Henri, can you do something new to my hair? Something—different?"

Make me young, her eyes begged. Make me look young again, Henri. You can help me. You must help me. With Henri's scissors snipping her platinum (dyed) hair, her thoughts went dragging back—twenty years! And tonight was their wedding anniversary, hers and Hillary's.

All at once she remembered their honeymoon—1920 at Lake Como, and the blue, incredible waters, the sunlit skies. She and Hillary, sailing the indigo waves, the white-and-red-sailed skiffs and the Italian fishermen along the shore, with dark eyes and flashing white teeth. She saw the rainbow-colored fish, their spiny fins and filaments glistening in myriad nets, heard the boatmen singing "O Sole Mio."

And the smells; but of course one didn't mind them, with the lemon and olive trees a mass of cloudy silver. And later, that time at Fiesole...

If there had been a child, everything would have been different. That horrible accident at Fiesole, and the doctor saying Hillary would never have a son now! Twenty years—but when had they first started to drift apart?

She remembered his first affair—Maisie, an English musical comedy star, pretty in a horribly vulgar, flashy sort of way. It wasn't serious, and how deli-



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**WHEN EYES  
SMART, BURN**

Refresh them with  
**MURINE**  
FOR YOUR EYES

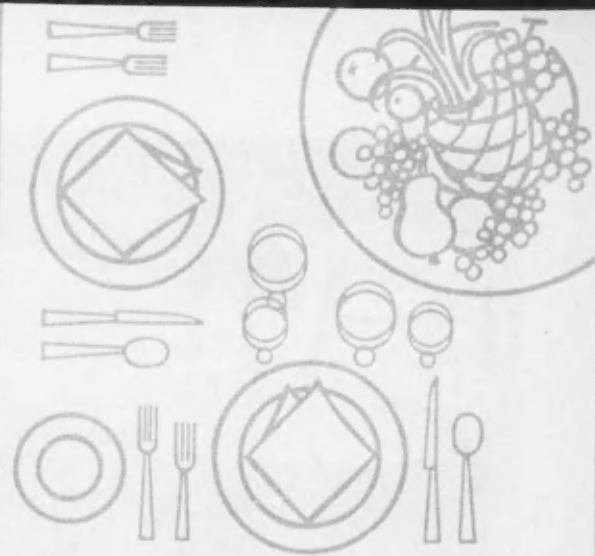
Murine soothes the smarting, burning sensation at once, cleanses and refreshes irritated, reddened membranes caused by head colds, driving, winds, movies, close work, late hours. Keep it handy at home, in your purse... at the office. Free dropper with each bottle.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

# HOUSEKEEPING

## Entertaining UP TO DATE

A DEPARTMENT OF HOME MANAGEMENT



CONDUCTED BY HELEN G. CAMPBELL

**H**OW MUCH and what kind of entertaining are Canadian women doing?"

This is a question we asked several hundred of our readers in city, town and country homes—East, West, and in between. And you've written to tell me of the wartime interests and activities of women in your district. Many thanks for your help.

Judging from your letters, elaborate entertaining is out-of-date just now, but informal get-togethers are more popular than ever. Knitting parties, thimble teas, quilting bees, bazaars and benefits of all kinds are in full swing as women get on with their war work. Most parties have a patriotic purpose, to raise funds, to make or pack supplies for overseas, to welcome war guests, or to entertain the boys in blue or khaki.

Refreshments are simpler too, for no one has the time or the energy for falderals, and the money for imported luxuries can be a lot better spent. Many clubs have set their own limitations, but in any case a "spread" is no longer the smart thing.

So you've asked us in turn to suggest something easy, economical and "different" with which to fortify your friends for the business in hand, or to revive them after a good afternoon's work. We've planned a number of menus within the limit of ten cents a person and a few minutes for preparation and proved, I think, that a lot of variety and enjoyment can still be provided. Allow approximately three savories all round, three or four relishes and two cups of tea or coffee—or one glass of ginger ale. And don't take the crusts off the bread for sandwiches—except the rolled ones.

**10c** Cheese and Bacon Fingers  
Gherkins Coffee

Toasted Liver Rolls  
Radish Roses  
Tea

Hot Buttered Tomato Tea Biscuits  
Cheese-Stuffed Carrot Cones  
Tea

Sardine and Bacon Fingers  
Hot Cinnamon or Nutmeg Toast Fingers  
Apple Juice

Cheese and Crackers  
Chocolate Bread Squares  
Tea

Toasted Rolls or Scones with Cream Cheese  
and Peach Jam Topping  
Tea or Ginger Ale

Tiny Bran Muffins  
Honey  
Tea or Coffee

■ Continued on page 57

By Helen G.  
Campbell



The Junior Auxiliary of the R. C. N. V. R. hold a tea to raise money for their war work for sailors.



Are you giving a money-raising tea in your club rooms, or one of the members homes? Then admission may be cash or War Savings stamps and the menu a little more elaborate.





## "I see you know the easy way to clean!"

There are two good reasons why Bon Ami makes household cleaning easy. *First*, it's as fast and thorough as any cleanser you could want. *Second*, Bon Ami makes your bathroom and kitchen equipment *easy to keep clean*.

Why? Because Bon Ami does not rely on harsh grit for its effectiveness. As a result, it doesn't mar your porcelain with tiny scratches that catch and hold dirt and grease. Instead, it actually *polishes as it cleans*—keeps the surface smooth and new-looking year after year.

Start now to use Bon Ami regularly. See how much easier it makes *all* your household cleaning.

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keeps sinks bright  
and easy to clean..



MADE IN CANADA

But Henri wouldn't take the bills she was thrusting into his hands. With a wave of his scissors he backed smilingly away. He blew a kiss into the air—a tribute to his unknown goddess.

Henri knew a masterpiece when he saw one.

Heddy ran out of Hyacinth House, her heart on tiptoe with happiness. The blue-veiled September dusk was thrilling as champagne. Golden, prickly, exciting.

She began to hurry; there was so little time.

He was coming at eight o'clock . . .

AND NOW it's eight o'clock . . .

Sybilla's standing in her drawing-room. The candles are lit, and from the other room the expensive phonograph is playing—not the Chopin preludes—but the simple little song Hillary used to love:

*Tell me the tales  
That to me were so dear,  
Long, long ago . . .*

She has on a gown of tiny seed pearls sewn lavishly on chiffon from one of the great ateliers of Paris. She stares at herself in the mirror—at her new coiffure brushed with glittery gold powder, at the Poinsettia lipstick, the lacquered nails. *Will Hillary like it? Will he think it too—too young?*

The gnawing restlessness starts. The gardenias she has sent herself give off a sickly, too-sweet perfume from their ivory-wax petals. The restlessness grows. Hillary is late. What has happened? Surely he has not forgotten that tonight is their wedding anniversary?

The telephone jangles, sharp across her growing despair.

"Hillary?" Her voice is eager, tense, with a pleading note under the false brightness.

"I'm sorry, Sybilla. I simply can't make it. Unavoidably detained. Directors meeting. Don't wait up for me, dear. I'll be very late . . ."

The receiver hangs up with a click of finality. She looks dazedly about. The phonograph has run down; there is the rasping click of the record. Two great tears roll down her cheek, sooty with mascara; and she takes a handkerchief and wipes off the Poinsettia lip rouge.

*I'm a fool . . . I'm a fool . . .*

The butler comes in at her ring.

"Shall I serve dinner, madam?"

She shakes her head. "No—Hillary"—she catches herself—"Mr. Carter-Wrightson won't be home for dinner. I'll have dinner alone—in my room . . ."

IT'S EIGHT O'CLOCK . . .

Julie stands before her mirror in the tiny perfect apartment, waiting. Toni has gone. Julie has on a new frock, chartreuse-color, that brings out the green-gold metallic glint in her hair. She smiles at herself in the mirror.

Tonight, she thinks, I can do anything I want with life . . .

The doorbell chimes ring, and a uniformed messenger delivers a little Cellophane box. Orchids—the expensive kind that come from the jungles of Brazil, shipped thousands of miles by air, on ice.

Julie pins them to the shoulder of her new frock with cool fingers, reading the note.

*Be ready at eight,  
I'll call for you then,  
my dear . . .*

Hillary Carter-Wrightson.

Well, she's ready. Her fingers are firm, fastening the orchids to her shoulder. She knows her power now. Steve? For a moment the thought of him brushes her mind lightly; then she forgets Steve. Her eyelids narrow over her grey-gold eyes, cold now, with a calculating purpose. With any luck, she thinks, I can get Carter-Wrightson to divorce his wife. If I play my cards cleverly, I—yes, why not?—I can be Mrs. Hillary Carter-Wrightson . . .

IT'S EIGHT O'CLOCK . . .

Heddy leans far over the sill of her front room in the boardinghouse, hearing the honk of a motor below. She simply whirls down the steps, her heart hammering furiously.

There he is! Parked at the curb, in the familiar, rusty, battered old model. He flings open the door with the gesture she remembers so well.

"Where to, Beautiful?"

"Oh, anywhere!"

She is breathless.

He leans over and kisses her carelessly on the lips. "Ah—vanilla," he says. "Like old times. Well—I got that promotion today. Let's celebrate." His tone is grim.

But what is the matter? He hasn't once noticed, hasn't once really looked at me, Heddy thinks. Tears sting her eyelids.

"You don't seem happy," she says, with a kind of defiance in her eyes, because the precious moments are slipping by.

Jealousy stabs her. *It's the other girl . . . she's done this to him.*

He parks the car by the river. Far over there is the bridge, its spider-line filaments glittering in the night, webbed, luminous, enchanted. All at once, with a boldness she doesn't know she possesses, Heddy leans over and takes his face in her hands and kisses him hard on the mouth.

"There!" she said angrily. She is almost in tears. He turns in surprise.

"Why—Heddy!"

"I don't care," she says, tears in her voice. "Whoever she is—she isn't worth your worrying about!"

"How did you know she turned me down?"

The moon comes out and he looks at Heddy as though seeing her for the first time. "Heddy! But what have you done to yourself? All oomphed up! I don't get it. What have you done to your hair?"

Henri's masterpiece blows in the river breeze. In the dubious light he peers at the Poinsettia lipstick.

"What's that?" he sniffs the perfume.

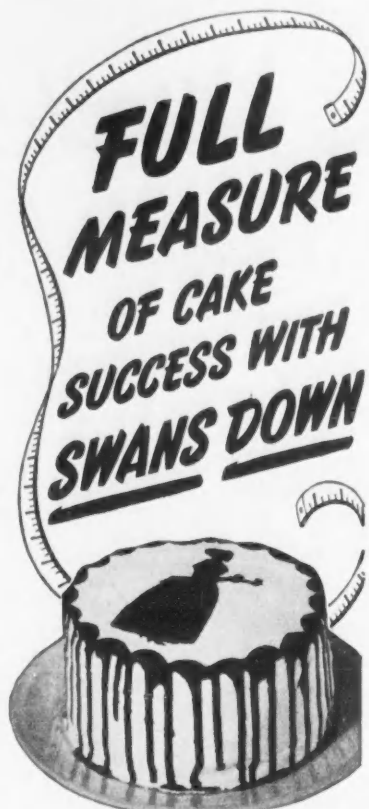
She looks at him through furious tears. Her cheeks are red, then white. He reaches over and tilts up her chin. "Heddy!" he says again, but there is a new note in his voice. And now his mouth is hard on hers, and the bright rebellion in her eyes melts.

Later, Heddy sits very still. She feels—after his kiss—as though she has swallowed a star. There it is, sharp, prickly, sparkly, burning in her breast. A crazy joy spreads in her veins. She smiles at him again through her tears.

"Oh, Steve—" she whispers.

"I've been a fool," Steve Harrigan is saying. "Well, Julie tipped over the apple-cart for the last time tonight. Let her romp out with that Carter-Wrightson chap. I've just come to my senses. Heddy—it's been you all along! I've been a fool not to know! From now on—it's you and me—permanently. Get it, Heddy?"

Heddy got it. ■



● Swans Down cakes are higher, because the light, even texture and superlative softness of Swans Down Cake Flour permits more perfect rising.

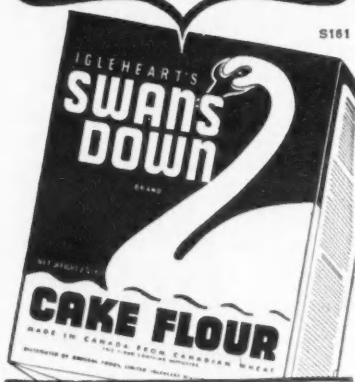
#### Special Flour for Cake Baking

With Swans Down good results are surer, because Swans Down is specially milled for cake-baking from choicest Canadian winter wheat. The "controlled milling process" assures uniform high quality and sifting until it is 27 times as fine as ordinary flour gives Swans Down a soft, downy texture.

For full measure of cake success—higher, lighter, more tempting cakes—make it a rule to use Swans Down.

RECIPES FOR THE 9 MOST POPULAR CAKES ARE ON THE PACKAGE

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LOW PRICE



Make your own

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REGD SKIRT

The British Fashion Fabric that Wears and Wears  
GUARANTEED WASHABLE & COLORFAST  
36 or 54 inches wide. At all leading stores or  
write Wm. Hollins, Ltd., 266 King St. W., Toronto

## Entertaining Up to Date

Continued from page 55

**15c** WHEN accomplishments—or affluence—justify a little more expensive "eats," you could have any of these costing just under fifteen cents for each person.

Toasted Mushroom Rolls  
Carrot Slivers  
Honeyed Crispies  
Tea or Ginger Ale

Parsley Pinwheels  
Cheese-stuffed Celery Sticks  
Chocolate Chip Cookies  
Tea or Apple Juice

Ham and Gherkin or Ham and Asparagus Rolls  
Cranberry Muffins  
Tea or Coffee

Toasted Cheese Squares  
Sweet Mixed Pickles  
Date Mallow Drops  
Tea or Ginger Ale

For late refreshments or for other occasions when something substantial is required, you might go in for a hot dish of the simpler order. One reader reporting the wartime activities of women's organizations in her district, says: "Refreshments are substantial but plain. They have to be 'hearty' because some drive miles to the church or school where the affair is held. One president was enthusiastic about the most successful church social held in many months. Refreshments were homemade baked beans, brown bread and coffee. 'They loved it,' she said. I asked how they got the beans to the church and kept them hot. 'That was easy,' she replied. 'We just took them from the oven at home, wrapped them in rugs and quilts, put them in the car or wagon-box sled. At the church we placed them on the registers and on the top of the stove in the basement.' Women like that can't be downed. These rural socials are lots of fun, too."

**15c** HERE are some other menus—about fifteen cents per person—that are likely to be popular in similar circumstances or after a few hours work on a cold day.

Spaghetti (canned or home-cooked)  
Bran Muffins  
Butterscotch Oat Squares  
Tea or Coffee

Spanish Rice  
Rye Bread  
Sugar Cookies  
Tea or Coffee

Fish Chowder  
Soda Biscuits  
Gingersnaps  
Tea or Coffee

#### For Fifty People

Tea— $\frac{1}{2}$  pound (100 cups).  
Coffee—1- $\frac{1}{4}$  pounds (50 cups).  
Sugar—1 pound of loaf, small lumps.  
Cream—1 $\frac{1}{2}$  quarts, 16 per cent.  
Butter, for sandwiches—2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -3 pounds.  
Bread, for sandwiches—2-3 three-pound loaves (60 one-quarter-inch slices per loaf), depending somewhat on the type of sandwich made. This allows three sandwiches per person.

■ Continued on page 60

# Scrub clothes in this day and age? You think I'm crazy?



HAVE YOU TRIED ME LATELY, MA'AM? MAYBE YOU'VE BEEN MISSING SOMETHING. YOU KNOW I GIVE UP TO 3 TIMES AS MUCH SUDS AS OLD-STYLE SOAPS

Keep cool even on Washday. Let Rinso SOAK your clothes clean!

● No more steaming yourself to death over the washtub and boiler—scrubbing and boiling a big wash! From now on let Rinso's thick, rich suds take hold and do your work! Rinso saves clothes too—by soaking them clean Rinso saves the wear and tear of rubbing!

And the new Rinso is economical! It gives so much more suds, goes so much farther, that it actually saves up to  $\frac{1}{4}$  in soap cost! It's like getting FREE soap every 5th washday! Get Rinso today—it comes in 3 sizes: small, Large, GIANT.







"John wants to know, can he bring his boss home for dinner?"

18	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
	Cereal with Raisins Pancakes Syrup Coffee                      Tea	Corn à la Southern Celery Curls Whole Wheat Muffins Conserve Tea                      Cocoa	Roast of Pork Browned Potatoes Creamed Onions Baked Cranberry Pudding Coffee                      Tea
19	Tomato Juice Cereal Scones                      Jam Coffee                      Tea	Kidney Stew Lettuce Salad Canned Strawberries Toasted Muffins Tea                      Cocoa	Oxtail Soup Cold Roast Pork Buttered Rice Braised Celery Baked Apples with Marshmallows Coffee                      Tea
20	Stewed Apricots Plain Omelet Toast Coffee                      Tea	Pilaff (See <i>Greek Recipes</i> ) Mixed Fruit Cup Small Cakes Tea                      Cocoa	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Lemon Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee                      Tea
21	Canned Grapefruit Segments Cereal Brown Toast                      Honey Coffee                      Tea	Onion Soup with Grated Cheese Toasted Sardine Sandwiches Apricot Whip Tea                      Cocoa	Steamed Finnan Haddie Parsley Sauce Duchess Potatoes Spinach Hot Mince Pie Coffee                      Tea
22	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast                      Jelly Coffee                      Tea	Canned Salmon Salad Brown Rolls Jam Tarts                      Whipped Cream Tea                      Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee                      Tea
23 (Sunday)	Chilled Apple Juice Poached Eggs Toast                      Jam Coffee                      Tea	Musroom Soup Mixed Vegetable Salad Bran Bread Chocolate Layer Cake Tea                      Fruit Punch	Dressed Pork Tenderloin Baked Potatoes Buttered Asparagus Rice Mold Butterscotch Sauce Coffee                      Tea
24	Apples Cereal Toasted Nut Bread Conserve Coffee                      Tea	Cold Pork Tenderloin Potato Salad Pickles Canned Peaches Cake (from Sunday) Tea                      Cocoa	Mock Turtle Soup Vegetable Plate (cauliflower with cheese sauce, buttered peas, diced beets, boiled onions) Cocoanut Soufflé Coffee                      Tea
25	Grapefruit Juice Bacon Toast                      Marmalade Coffee                      Tea	Scrambled Eggs on Toast Fresh Johnny Cake Syrup Tea                      Cocoa	Broiled Sirloin Steak Mashed Potatoes Buttered Parsnips Peach Tapioca (use left-over peaches from Monday) Coffee                      Tea
26	Grape Juice Cereal Muffins                      Jam Coffee                      Tea	Barley Broth Jellied Vegetable Salad Cheese                      Crisp Biscuits Tea                      Cocoa	Veal Stew Dumplings Mashed Turnips Steamed Fig Pudding Foamy Sauce Coffee                      Tea
27	Cereal with Raisins Grilled Smoked Fish with Lemon Toast Coffee                      Tea	Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce Lettuce with French Dressing Fruit Cup                      Wafers Tea                      Cocoa	Baked Sausages Au Gratin Potatoes Buttered Carrots Apple Crisp Coffee                      Ginger Ale
28	Tomato Juice Bread and Milk Date Scones                      Jelly Coffee                      Tea	Oyster Stew Crackers Ice Cream with Fruit Juice Sauce Fancy Cakes Tea                      Cocoa	Fried Fish Cakes Tartare Sauce Potato Puff                      Cole Slaw Gingerbread                      Hard Sauce Coffee                      Tea

**Buy British.** In these menus planned by Chatelaine Institute Canadian foods are prominently used — to provide good flavor and good balance at moderate cost.

For the sake of variety some imported foods are included, but at this time, patriotic Canadians give preference to Empire products.

- **Make the "First Cup" Test**



*You'll Love its Richer*  
**Tangier Taste**

THAT first cup of coffee in the morning is the *really important* one of the day. It's the one that means the most to *you*—and demands the most of your coffee.

Make the "first cup" test with delicious, extra-heartwarming Chase & Sanborn Coffee! : : Its very fragrance brings you tinglingly awake. The first glorious sip seems to brush away all the "cobwebs". You revel in its thrilling, zestful, pungent depth of coffee flavour!

Don't put off enjoying this big coffee treat, famous all over Canada as "friendship in a cup." Ask your grocer tomorrow for tangier, taste-teasing Chase & Sanborn Coffee.

*Drip Grind gives a finer brew for drip pot or glass coffee maker. Or if you use a percolator, ask for the delicious Regular Grind. Both grinds are kept superbly roaster-fresh in the vacuum tin.*

**ROASTED AND PACKED IN CANADA**

**IN POUND AND  
HALF-POUND  
VACUUM TINS  
DRIP OR REGULAR GRINDS**





# New! Marvelous! Easy to Make!



## KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN NUT MUFFINS

2 tablespoons shortening     $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar    1 cup flour  
 1 egg     $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
 1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran     $2\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons baking powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup nut meats

Cream shortening and sugar; add egg and beat until creamy. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add, with the nut meats, to first mixture, and stir until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full; bake in moderately hot oven (400 F°) 30 minutes. Yield: 8 muffins, 3 inches in diameter, or 12 muffins,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter.

They really are the most marvelous muffins that ever melted a pat of butter! But, better still, they're good for you; they help your family keep "regular." KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN is just as effective when used in cooking as when served as a cereal—in correcting constipation due to lack of dietary "bulk." Serve ALL-BRAN both ways!

Keeps You  
Regular . . .



... NATURALLY

Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient size packages: restaurants serve the individual package. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

"Serve by Saving! Buy War Savings Certificates"

# Meals of the Month

## Twenty-Eight Menus for February

1	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
	Baked Apples Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Sliced Cold Meat Relish Pickle Hashed Brown Potatoes Canned Berries Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa	Hamburger Cakes Tomato Sauce Baked Potatoes Carrots Chocolate Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
2 (Sunday)	Cottage Cheese Pancakes Syrup Coffee Tea	Potato and Devilled Egg Salad Radishes Dill Pickles Butterscotch Tarts with Chopped Nuts Tea Cocoa	Hot Baked Ham Potato Puff Broccoli (fresh frozen) Coffee Bavarian Cream Ginger Ale Tea
3	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Canned Salmon on Toast Lettuce with Dressing Apple Sauce (cook enough for Tuesday) Ginger Wafers Tea Cocoa	Celery Soup Cold Sliced Ham Potato Au Gratin Peas Cup Cakes Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
4	Chilled Tomato Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Casserole of Ham and Noodles Chili Sauce Jellied Apple Sauce with Whipped Cream Tea Cocoa	Liver and Onions Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Prune Pie Coffee Tea
5	Apple Sauce Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Pea Soup Beet and Celery Salad Crackers Cheese Tea Jam Cocoa	Boiled Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Peach Shortcake Coffee Tea
6	Cereal with Cut Figs Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Cheese Toast and Bacon Tomato Jelly Mold Canned Blue Plums Tea Sweet Rolls Cocoa	Mushroom Soup Corned Beef Hash Mashed Turnips String Beans Fruit Cup Coffee Tea
7	Apple Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Baked Bean Loaf Tomato Sauce Brown Bread Plum Tapioca Tea Cocoa	Baked Haddock—Grecian Style Baked Stuffed Potatoes Buttered Asparagus Apple Batter Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
8	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Potato and Onion Soup Crackers Hot Biscuits Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Pork Chops Scalloped Potatoes Harvard Beets Baked Custard with Caramel Sauce Coffee Tea
9 (Sunday)	Canned Grapefruit Juice Grilled Smoked Fish Toast Coffee Tea	Individual Chicken Shortcakes Cranberry Jelly Squares Cinnamon Apples Jelly Roll Tea Punch	Consommé Roast of Lamb Mint Sauce Browned Potatoes Buttered Onions Ice Cream Shortbread Coffee Tea
10	Prepared Cereal with Sliced Bananas Bran Muffins Honey Coffee Tea	Bacon Omelet Buttered Toast Canned Pineapple Jelly Roll (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Curried Lamb with Rice Beet Onion and Green Pepper Salad Berry Whip Coffee Tea
11	Stewed Apples Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Vegetable Soup Sliced Bologna Pan-fried Potatoes Vanilla Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Steamed Salmon Loaf Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes Buttered Spinach Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
12	Pineapple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Hard Brown Rolls Lemon Jelly Frosted Cake Tea Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Mashed Potatoes Turnips Steamed Raisin Pudding Caramel Sauce Coffee Tea
13	Orange Sections Bread and Milk Coffee Cake Coffee Jelly Tea	Frankfurters Creamed Potatoes Mustard Pickles Canned Cherries Cake (from Wednesday) Tea Cocoa	Celery Soup Cold Sliced Pot Roast Hashed Brown Potatoes Fried Parsnips Apple Dumplings Coffee Tea
14	Tomato Juice Cereal French Toast Coffee Syrup Tea	Fish Balls Chili Sauce Chopped Cabbage Slaw Banana and Nut Salad Tea Cocoa	Scalloped Lobster Parsley Potatoes Peas Blanching Cherry Sauce Coffee Tea
15	Baked Apples Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Lima Bean Casserole (add remainder of pot roast, if any) Brown Bread Cottage Cheese and Jelly Salad Tea Cocoa	Grilled Fresh Ham Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Grape Tapioca Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
16 (Sunday)	Prunes with Lemon Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Ramekins of Creamed Seafood Toasted Finger Rolls Pickles Olives Blueberries (fresh frozen fruit) Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Roast Stuffed Chicken Riced Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Pineapple Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea
17	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Tomato Soup Chicken Salad Trifle Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Baked Potatoes Buttered Carrots Caramel Nut Pudding Coffee Tea

milk and melted butter and add to the dry ingredients stirring only until the dry ingredients are nicely coated. Fold in the cranberries. Put into greased muffin tins and bake in a hot oven—425 deg. Fahr.—for about twenty-five minutes. Makes twelve medium-sized muffins.

#### Butterscotch-Oat Squares

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Cupfuls of rolled oats
- 1 Heaping cupful of brown sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of butter
- Pinch of salt

Combine the rolled oats and brown sugar and salt. Pour over them the melted butter and blend well. Pack in a square pan about one third of an inch deep and bake in a moderate oven—350

deg. Fahr.—for fifteen minutes. Cut in squares immediately, but allow to stand in the pan until hard and crisp. Makes about four dozen.

#### Chocolate Bread Squares

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Slices of bread
- 4 Ounces of semi-sweet chocolate
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of chopped cocoanut

Cut the bread slices one and one-half inches thick. Remove the crusts and cut the bread in squares, triangles or fingers. Dip the individual pieces of bread in the chocolate which has been melted over hot water. Then roll the chocolate-coated bread in the chopped cocoanut until it is completely covered. Cool before serving. Makes about sixteen squares. ■

## To Our Valentines

By Margaret E. Smith

DO VALENTINE tricks with pink icing on your favorite cookies. If you want them heart shaped and haven't a cutter, make yourself a cardboard pattern, lay it on the dough and run your knife around it. Not quite so fast, but it works.

For smart and sentimental open sandwiches, toast bread hearts on one side, spread with mashed and well-seasoned lobster, brush the edges of the bread with melted butter and dip in chopped parsley.

A net tablecloth dotted here and there with valentine motifs makes a smart dress for your valentine table. And how about a large double heart of cardboard, painted gold and outlined with small red candles for the centre?

Remember the lace-edged valentines that used to give you such a thrill? Well—make one for your centrepiece and thrill your guests. Use a large jelly mold—heart-shaped if you have it. Then from two paper doilies cut the centres the same shape as the mold but just a little smaller than the top edge. Slip them on from the bottom up, and if necessary bind with sticky tape to hold in place. Now fill your lace-edged holder with flowers, real or artificial. If you happen to have used a ring mold, put three tall candles in the centre. Small molds could be dressed up in the same way and used as individual nut and candy holders at each place. If the

Dress up the jelly for the children's dessert with tiny flowers made from marshmallows and cherries. Cut the marshmallow in half through the rounded side. Snip four or five tiny pie-shaped wedges out of the edge of each half, being careful not to cut right into the centre. Shape the remaining wedges a bit to form petals. Put a bit of candied cherry or cranberry in the centre, and there you have a flower.

And talking about desserts for the children—here's another good one. Add crushed peppermint stick candy to hot tapioca cream pudding. Stir until melted. Then chill the pudding. A grand pink color and a flavor the children will love, especially if you serve it with chocolate sauce.

Or there's nosegay ice cream: fill paper cups with ice cream and garnish with a border of chopped candied cherries, cinnamon heart candies or tinted cocoanut.

Tea-time on Valentine's Day calls for heart-shaped sandwiches or round ones with tiny hearts cut out of the top layer to let pink ham or lobster filling peek through. Hot buttered tea biscuits could be heart shaped, too.

Ice your light white cake with pink icing and decorate it in the valentine mood—hearts, cupids, flowers and lovers' knots. Or edge a plain or heart-shaped cake all round with red cinnamon candies.

If you make your own ice cream, you can use your cookie cutter to shape it. Set each heart on a pink doily and sprinkle the ice cream with crushed peppermint stick candy.

For place cards, try nosegays of gumdrops on wire stems outlined with a paper doily frill. Or stick cupids, cut from red cardboard, into the top of a marshmallow mounted on a card.

Try a combination place card and favor. Buy an inexpensive hand mirror, a toy one would do, and mount it on a card the same shape but slightly larger. Fasten a handkerchief to the cardboard in such a way that the lace or fancy edge forms a perky frill around the mirror. With red crayon draw a face on the mirror. Tie a red ribbon bow on the handle and attach a heart to the ends for the name, and the verse which might go something like this:

Look in my face and you will see  
Someone who looks pretty nice to me.



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party is a shower, the molds might later be presented to the bride-to-be.

Valentine fruit cocktails: apple and cherry juice, plum and apple, raspberry with ginger ale or sparkling water. Tomato juice is another good one—both in color and flavor.

Bake yourself a cake in a heart-shaped tin, or cut out a heart from a large sponge cake. Frost the outside edges of the cake and decorate with hearts and flowers. Then hollow out the centre, fill with pink ice cream—and you have a scrumptious dessert.



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## Entertaining Up to Date :: Continued from page 57

Carrots, for curls or cones—8-10 medium-sized carrots.  
Celery, for curls or sticks—3-4 large bunches.  
Asparagus, for rolled sandwiches—6 tins (medium spears, twelve-ounce size).  
Green pepper, for Calla Lily sandwiches—3 large.  
Cheese, for Calla Lily sandwiches—white cream, 2 three-ounce packages; yellow cream, 1 three-ounce package.  
Ice Cream—8-9 pints (six servings to one pint).

### Cheese and Bacon Fingers

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Spread fingers of bread with cheese, sprinkle with chopped bacon and toast. Serve hot.

### Sardine and Bacon Fingers

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Wrap sardines which have been drained and sprinkled with lemon juice, in thin slices of bacon spread with prepared mustard. Fasten with a toothpick and cook under the broiler. Serve on hot buttered toast fingers.

### Toasted Mushroom Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Spread buttered slices of fresh bread (cut thin) with well-seasoned condensed cream of mushroom soup. Roll up each slice, fasten with a toothpick and toast.

### Toasted Liver Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

$\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of ground cooked liver  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of finely chopped bacon  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of cream  
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut lengthwise slices (quarter-inch thick) from half a loaf of white bread. Remove the crusts, spread with butter and the above ingredients mixed to a paste. Roll each sandwich, secure with a toothpick and toast in the oven until lightly browned. Makes about eighteen rolls.

### Cheesies

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

3 Ounces of nippy cream cheese  
4 Tablespoonfuls of butter  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of flour  
Pinch of salt

Cream the cheese and butter together until smooth and soft. Add the flour and salt and blend well. Form into a roll about one and a half inches in diameter and chill for two or three hours. Cut into slices about a quarter of an inch thick and bake in a hot oven—450 deg. Fahr.—for ten minutes. Serve hot. Makes about two dozen slices.

### Calla Lily Sandwiches

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Spread thin slices of white bread, from which the crusts have been removed, with softened and seasoned white cream cheese. Form the pistil and stamen of and the lily with a strip of green pepper a line of yellow cream cheese placed diagonally across the centre. Fold the two opposite corners over, cornucopia style, to form the shape of the lily.

### Carrot Cones

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Cut very thin slices lengthwise from a medium-sized carrot. Roll up into the

shape of a cone. Fasten with a toothpick and place in ice water until crisp. Drain and fill with cream cheese and garnish with parsley.

### Honied Krispies

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

$\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of water  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of honey  
2 Packages of rice krispies

Combine the sugar, salt and water and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Heat until the brittle stage is reached—300 deg. Fahr.—then add the honey slowly and stir until blended. Heat again for about one minute or to a temperature of 240 deg. Fahr. Pour over the rice krispies. While hot shape into balls or press into a buttered pan and cut in squares. Yield six dozen one-inch squares.

### Toasted Cheese Squares

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

$\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of butter  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of sharp cheese, grated  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of dry bread crumbs  
Bread

Cream the butter and cheese together, add the bread crumbs and mix well. Cut bread in quarter-inch-thick slices, spread with the cheese mixture, and cut in half-inch squares. Toast under the broiler and serve at once. Makes about twenty-four squares.

### Chocolate Chip Cookies

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Cupful of shortening  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of brown sugar  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of white sugar  
2 Eggs  
2 Tablespoonfuls of hot water  
 $2\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt  
1 Teaspoonful of soda  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 Pound of coarsely chopped semi-sweet chocolate  
1 Cupful of raisins  
1 Teaspoonful of true vanilla

Cream the shortening, brown sugar and white sugar until well blended. Add the well-beaten eggs, and the hot water and mix thoroughly. Sift the flour once, measure and sift again with the salt and soda. Combine the flour mixture with the egg and sugar mixture and stir until well blended. Add the coarsely chopped chocolate, raisins and vanilla. Bake in a slow oven—325 deg. Fahr.—for twenty-five minutes. Yields six dozen cookies.

### Cranberry Muffins

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Cupful of cranberries, cleaned and washed  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of sugar  
2 Cupfuls of flour  
4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  Teaspoonful of salt  
1 Egg, slightly beaten  
1 Cupful of milk  
3 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter

Chop the prepared cranberries and sprinkle with half of the sugar. Sift the remaining sugar, flour, baking powder and salt together. Combine the egg,



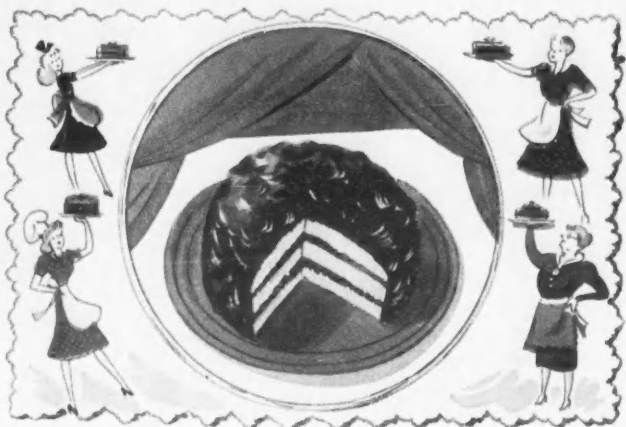
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To Win Prizes for Your Cake Recipes!

THIS MONTH — BUTTER CAKES

WE'RE SUGGESTING that you do a Cake Walk. For Butter Cakes is the subject of this second in the series of recipe contests open to our readers. It's not sponge cake or angel cake, you understand, but those with a basis of shortening, flour, egg, liquid, baking powder or soda and any flavoring you prefer. Not fruit cake either, though they may contain such additions as Australian raisins or cocoanut, and they may be flavored with cocoa or chocolate. No nuts, please, and all Canadian products if possible. And it may be baked in loaf or layer, plain or iced.

So if the Ladies' Aid always likes to meet at your house because you make the grandest cakes, enter your specialty in the contest; it may win you a Five-dollar War Savings certificate, which is the prize for the one considered tops by the judges. Winners of the ten next best will receive War Savings stamps to the value of one dollar.

If your cake needs frosting or filling—or both—to set it off, send along those recipes too, so that it'll be at its best when it meets the judges.

Simple inexpensive cakes are as acceptable and as eligible as fussier ones; appearance, texture, crust and flavor will be the main points considered.

Entries must be mailed on or before February 28, 1941, addressed to Chatelaine Institute, marked "Cake Contest." Then they'll be judged by the Institute staff (Hurrah, what a good time we're going to have!), and the winners announced in an early issue of *Chatelaine*.

#### Rules of the Contest

1. The contest is open to anyone except members of the staff of The MacLean Publishing Company or their families.

2. Send only one recipe—and remember it must be a Butter Cake—light or dark—loaf or layer. Not upside-down cakes; that's another subject.

3. Write your recipe clearly, using only one side of the paper. Sign legibly with your name and address.

4. Give only level measurements in standard-sized cups and spoons, as this is the way the recipe will be tested. Give the method of making in detail, time of cooking and oven temperature.

5. Specify the brand names of the ingredients used. Particularly tell us what kind of flour—cake, pastry or all-purpose.

6. Write a few words (not more than one hundred) about the recipe—its origin, uses, variations, or any interesting features.

7. Mail your recipe by February 28, 1941. Address to Chatelaine Institute, The MacLean Publishing Company, Toronto, marked Cake Contest.

8. All recipes become the property of Chatelaine Institute.

#### MAN'S FAVORITE DESSERT



Just as soon as you see the pie recipes in this *Chatelaine* bulletin you'll want to rush into the kitchen and set about making the man of the house really happy. *Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 2206* has 34 recipes for pies—price 15 cents. *Chatelaine Service Bulletins*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

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## Greeks are also Good Cooks

By Helen G. Campbell

THE GREEKS have a word for it—Stifato—but it's beef and onions to you and me. Delicious in any language, however, and likely to be adopted by Canadian housekeepers who appreciate economy, aroma and fine savory flavor. We made it of round steak and cooked the dish in a casserole in a slow oven. But you can begin and finish it on top of the stove if that means a saving of fuel or is more convenient.

It's just our way of giving three cheers for this great little country, to try some typical dishes and pass the recipes on to you. We've found they're as clever in the kitchen as they are at sending Mussolini back to his macaroni—judging by this haddock baked in oil and flavored with lemon and a touch of garlic, or this thrifty and nourishing Pilaff and this pot roast with a super flavor.

Pork with celery is another dish you should know about. The meat is simmered in a little water with tomato and onions, then when nearly done, the celery, cut in inch-long pieces, is added. Just before serving—and this is the Grecian touch—an egg is beaten with a little lemon juice and stirred carefully into the pot.

The egg-and-lemon treatment is also given to meat soup to provide additional nourishment and distinctive flavor. For mixed greens Grecian style, brown some onions lightly in a little cooking oil, then add any desired combination of green beans, peas, celery, parsley, spinach, leeks and endive—with enough fresh or canned tomatoes to provide the necessary moisture. Cook slowly and season well.

Delicious novelty, with economy of time and money, is the treat in store for you when you try our own Canadian products in the way our Greek allies prepare them.

### Stifato (Beef and Onions)

- 1½ Pounds of beef
- Salt and pepper
- 15-20 Small onions (4-5 large quartered)
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of fat (dripping and butter)
- 1 Cupful of water
- ½ Cupful of vinegar
- 1½ Cupfuls of canned tomatoes
- 1 Tablespoonful of whole mixed spices

Cut the beef in half-inch slices and season well with salt and pepper. Brown the meat and onions in the butter in a heavy frying pan, then put into a casserole and add the remaining ingredients. Bake in a slow oven—325 degrees Fahr.—for one and a half hours. Six to eight servings.

### Ghofaria Plaki (Baked Haddock, Grecian Style)

- 3 Pounds of fresh haddock fillets
- 1 Cupful of cooking oil
- 1 Cupful of water
- 2 Lemons
- Salt and pepper
- Garlic, one small piece cut fine
- 1 Tablespoonful of marjoram

Place the haddock in a baking pan and pour over it the oil, water and the lemon juice. Add the seasonings and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for forty minutes. Six to eight servings.

### Pilaff, with Lamb (Rice Grecian Style)

- 1 Cupful of rice
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 4 Cupfuls of meat stock
- ½ Cupful of tomatoes
- ½ Cupful of diced cooked meat
- Garlic
- Salt and pepper.

Fry the rice in the butter for five to eight minutes, stirring carefully to prevent burning. Add the stock



A pretty young Greek-Canadian serves her favorite Stifato.

gradually, then add the tomatoes, diced meat, garlic and seasonings. Cook slowly for twenty-five to thirty minutes. When done, the liquid should be all absorbed and the rice grains separate and flaky. Six to eight servings.

### Psito Buti (Pot Roast of Lamb)

- 5 Pounds rolled shoulder of lamb
- 1 Clove of garlic
- Salt and pepper
- Butter
- 1 Lemon
- 1 Cupful of water
- Potatoes

Wipe off the lamb and place in a pan. Sprinkle the garlic with salt and pepper and let stand. With a skewer make tiny holes in the lamb and into each put a dot of butter and a small piece of the seasoned garlic. Sprinkle the whole roast with salt and pepper, pour over it the juice of one lemon and dot with drippings. Add the water, cover and cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. Fahr.) or carefully on top of the stove. When the roast is half done peeled potatoes may be placed around the roast and cooked with it. Ten to twelve servings.



"They must have been giving him

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40-19

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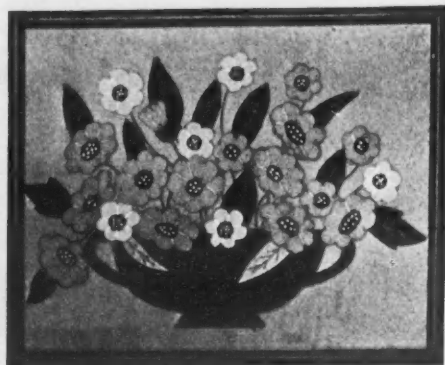
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C416—Flower picture in the new felt appliqué. Marigolds in glowing natural colors, with deep green leaves, artistically arranged in a yellow bowl, the method of appliqué used allowing the flowers to stand out most naturally. The background is in pastel green, size about 12 x 15 inches; complete materials, 75 cents.



C808—Pillowcases and towels in charming honeysuckle design in cross-stitch. The flowers may be worked in rose, gold or coral—leaves and stems are, of course, in green. The pillowcases, size 36 x 40 inches, are of finest circular linen-finished English cotton, \$1.25 per pair; the towels are of finest white Irish linen huckaback; 18 x 30 inches, \$1.25 per pair. Cottons for working either pair, 10 cents.

## Make Them Yourself

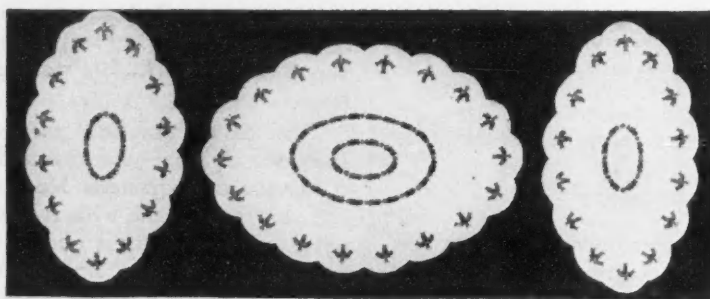
By Marie Le Cerf



C642—"God's Garden." A delightful sampler to be worked in natural colors. Stamped on fine cream sampler linen, 12 x 14 inches, 50 cents; cottons for working, 20 cents.



C504—Peasant apron. A really useful apron with wide waistband to protect your dress. Stamped on finest white apron cotton, or on yellow or green linen. Work is all in large cross-stitch in bright red and blue with bands and binding to match. Complete materials 75 cents.



C511—"Marie Antoinette" vanity set and runner to match (runner not illustrated). The daintiest set you can imagine—tiny sprays of roses to be worked in rose, yellow or coral, with foliage and scalloped edges in green. Stamped on fine white or cream Irish linen; the vanity set or scarf—60 cents each, cotton for working either, 20 cents.

These are Chatelaine patterns, Handicraft Series. Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque add fifteen cents for bank exchange. Full directions for working are sent.

## LIVE WITHOUT GROWING OLDER

Birthdays have no terror for me. I rather welcome them because each year that I live without getting older is further proof that my science of living is right.

The greatest thrill I get from my 83 years is the fact that I'm a younger man today than I was 30 years ago, and that each year I grow younger... And so can you.



Robt. G. Jackson, M.D.  
Now in his 83rd year

The secret of youthfulness is vitality, and this is a product of proper food and exercise. Conventional foods are largely constipating, and the toxins of constipation can age you fast.

The cornerstone of my health-building diet is to make at least one meal a day from one or another of my three natural whole-grain cereals, Dr. Jackson Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus (all natural laxatives), my only beverage being alkaline Kofy Sub. To these I add milk, cheese, fresh fruits and vegetables and other simple natural foods.

Follow this regime... and exercise reasonably and you'll find, as I did, that age can be turned back. If you are interested in this subject, send for my free booklet... "A Glorious Achievement." Address, Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto.

Robt. G. Jackson, M.D.

2-41

## SUGAR TOMATO

12% to 14% Sugar Content  
First of all Tomatoes to produce ripe fruit

Think of it, a sweet tomato with many fruits exceeding 12% Sugar. Nothing like it ever before. Note the beauty and symmetry of the long racemes of fruit, often two feet in length. Smaller than regular tomatoes, but their superb sweetness and appearance make the Sugar Tomato the finest vegetable introduction in years. Bears enormously and is in a distinct class for dainty dishes, salads, sauces, juice, etc. Irresistible. Be first to have it. Order now. Pkt. of 100 seeds 15c; 2 pkts. 25c; 1/4 oz. 65c (postpaid).

FREE—OUR BIG 1941 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK BETTER THAN EVER

**DOMINION SEED HOUSE**  
Georgetown, Ont.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c

## STUFFY NOSTRILS

Mentholatum quickly relieves the worst head cold... clears head and nose... relieves sniffing, stuffy nostrils. Jars and tubes, 30c.

**MENTHOLATUM**  
Gives COMFORT Daily

## SCIENCE PROTECTS

Your Baby's  
Delicate  
Skin...

Baby's Own Soap is not just a toilet soap. It is the result of years of scientific evolution and infinite care in manufacture—a pure, soothing, non-irritant, thoroughly cleansing soap, with a delightfully delicate fragrance that is so in keeping with babies' priceless tenderness.

Careful mothers have faith in Baby's Own and doctors and nurses in baby clinics confidently recommend its use.



The Beauty Soap of Precious Purity

YOUR  
BABY  
at  
Teething  
Time?

Cross, fretful, feverish—unless the little system is working just right. Steedman's Powders—the standby of mothers the world over for more than 100 years—gently cleanse the system of impurities which are often the cause of feverishness, upset stomach and other troubles at teething time. At your druggist's.

FREE BOOKLET "Hints to Mothers" on request. Write John Steedman & Co., Dept. 8, 442 St. Gabriel St., Montreal.

Give **STEEDMAN'S**  
From  
Teething to Teas **POWDERS**  
Look for the double EE symbol on each package.

BABY'S  
HOT LITTLE HEAD  
IS A DANGER SIGNAL

WHEN your Baby's head feels hot to your hand you must do something. And do it quickly. Read what Mrs. B— of Enterprise does and what results she gets: "My baby's cheeks and hands were so hot I was frightened. I gave him a Baby's Own Tablet at noon and by after supper he was all better."

And Mrs. Francis Carroll, of Midland, has this to say: "My little girl was so feverish I was really alarmed. Then I thought of Baby's Own Tablets, so I gave her three every two hours and by night she was up and around."

Baby's Own Tablets are sweet-tasting, easy to take, absolutely safe. Analyst's certificate on every box. Quickly reduce simple fevers. Equally good for teething fevers, diarrhoea, upset stomach, colds and other minor ailments of baby. Get a box today. Sickness so often strikes in the night. 25 cents. Money back if you are not satisfied.

ties for a long time and to gag at every lump in his diet.

With the interest in chewing comes that of using his hands. Indeed he begins to show this interest as far back as the fourth month, when he will place his hands about the bottle—if bottle fed—and try to convey it to his mouth. Possibly if babies could do as they pleased, they might be eating by the hand-to-mouth method by six months. But that would be too messy, so they must conform to the requirements of civilization and employ the aid of spoon and cup.

The use of these mechanical aids requires a high degree of muscular co-ordination which needs plenty of time to make perfect. It will help if a spoon is placed within reach of the baby at this time, and an extra spoon and cup might with advantage be placed on the baby's tray after he is eight months old. He must not be hurried in the use of these implements; if allowed to have his fling he may, of his own accord, discard the bottle and begin the use of spoon and cup. If forced along too hurriedly, he is likely to fight any separation from his old familiars.

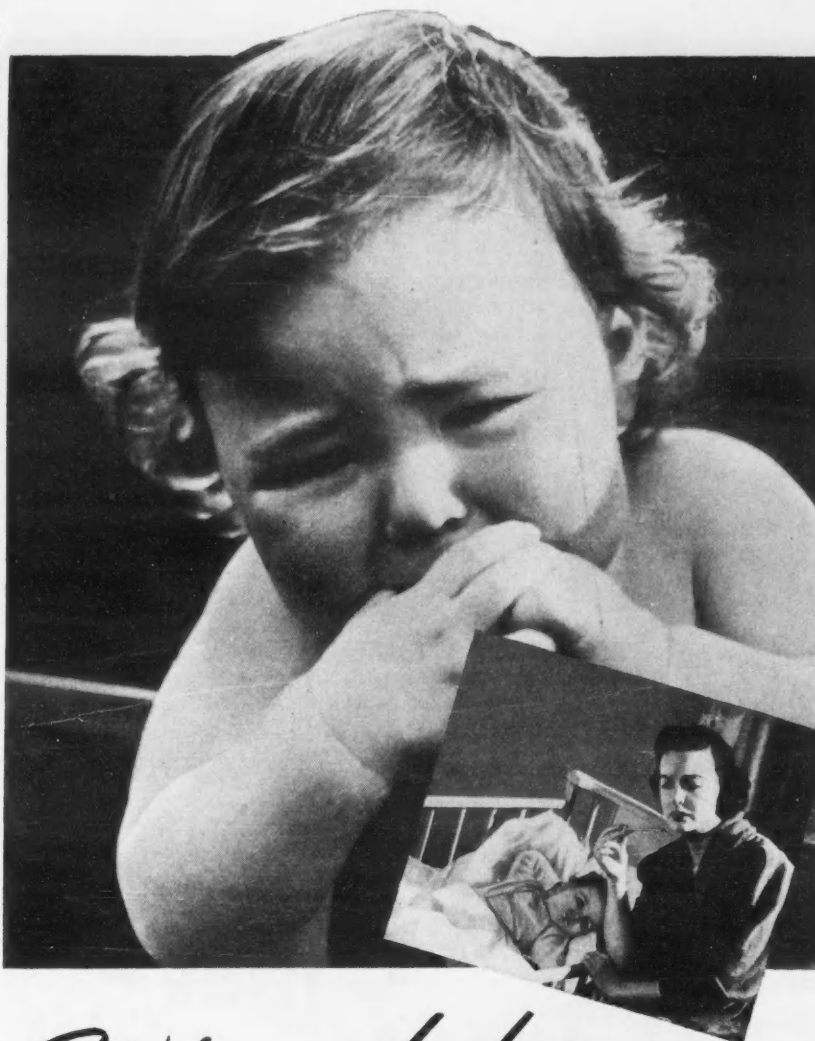
From time to time the demands of growth regulate the appetite. During the first year the baby's development has been going on at a tremendous rate and his desire for food has increased accordingly. After this spurt his growth rate slows down for a time, with the result that he eats considerably less at two, three and four years than he did as a year-old.

This slackening of the appetite is often disturbing to parents who have been accustomed to seeing large dishes of cereals and vegetables vanish at every meal. Under such circumstances they must not make the mistake of forcing the baby to take as much food as he formerly did. There should not be a battle about it.

☆☆

**Question**—What are the relative food values of butter and margarine? Can the ordinary man, woman and child get on without butter? By whom and when was made the discovery of this product?—Mrs. J. P. G., Halifax, N.S.

**Answer**—Margarine was invented by a French chemist named Mège-Mouries, who tried to make butter in his laboratory. The attempt was not successful, but his substitute, called "butterine," was recognized and used by the army of Napoleon III, in the Franco-Prussian War. A simpler method of manufacture was used in Holland and the United States, and the first up-to-date factory was opened in Great Britain in 1889 by Otto Monsted. This method was the mixing of sour skimmed milk with a fat of appropriate melting point. During the latter part of the Great War the importance of those vitamins which are dissolved in fats came to be recognized. Until about six years ago there was no satisfactory vitaminized margarine on the market. At the present time the addition of one ounce of vitamin D<sub>2</sub> (calciferol), to 120 tons of margarine gives the latter a vitamin D activity of thirty units per ounce. The best, cheapest, and most effective source of margarine is whale oil, which has a very high vitamin count. Margarine, like butter, must not contain more than sixteen per cent of water. The respective caloric values of butter and margarine are as 3,503 and 3,579 per pound. Persons can get on without butter by obtaining the vitamins from other sources. ■

When a baby  
needs a friend—

When sickness strikes,  
call your doctor. Keep sick room  
clean with "LYSOL"

WHEN there is sickness in your home, don't take chances. Do as many hospitals do... see that the sick room is kept not merely clean—but hygienically clean! Use "Lysol"!

Take special care to disinfect everything the patient touches... utensils, dishes, handkerchiefs, furniture, bedding. "Lysol" is the efficient, economical disinfectant to use.

But don't wait until sickness arrives. Disinfect your home from cellar to garret—whenever you clean—with "Lysol." It costs so little, and it's no work at all to add "Lysol" to your cleaning water.

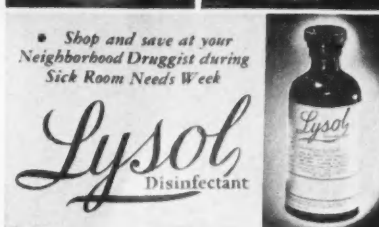
This safety measure is especially important during sickness and epidemics.

Is your home prepared for sickness? Check your equipment now. See that your bathroom cabinet contains all emergency needs—including "Lysol."

And you'll need a second bottle of "Lysol" in the kitchen for use whenever and wherever you clean.

"Lysol" is one faithful ally in the war on germs. "Lysol" is so highly concentrated it is very economical to use.

On sale at all drug counters. Directions with every bottle for many household uses.

CHECK YOUR  
SICK ROOM NEEDS NOW!

Shop and save at your  
Neighborhood Druggist during  
Sick Room Needs Week

**Lysol**  
Disinfectant

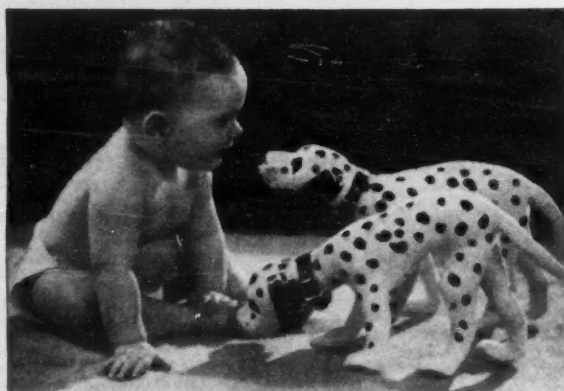




"H'm. You pups have got a bad rash all right. Don't know as I ever saw anybody worse broken out . . . Oh, you feel fine, do you? . . . Well, you don't look so good! You ought to see yourself in the mirror!"



"Funny—your tail looks O.K. . . . By Jove, I see it all now! Your mother's been stingy with the Johnson's Baby Powder—giving you little dabs in the rear instead of good all-over rubs!"



"Listen—stick around at bath-time and get in on my Johnson's rub-down. You'll feel like a different dog—so slick that rashes and chafes and prickly heat'll have a tough time getting a toe hold!"



"Babies have it pretty soft these days! Downy, soothing Johnson's Baby Powder costs so little any baby can have all the sprinkles he wants to keep him comfortable!"

**JOHNSON'S  
BABY POWDER**

Make your own  
**Viyella**  
TARTAN DRESS  
AUTHENTIC SCOTTISH TARTANS  
GUARANTEED WASHABLE & COLORFAST  
36 inches wide. At all leading stores or write  
Wm. Hollis, Ltd., 266 King St. W., Toronto

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This is a splendid opportunity for persons interested in supplementing their present income, or turning their spare hours into profit.

Write today for full information

FIDELITY CIRCULATION COMPANY,  
210 Dundas Street W., Toronto, Ontario.

## • THE BABY CLINIC •



His trip to Canada was probably the first time this evacuee was ever on a ship. It looks as though he didn't fail to visit the stokehold!

## The Baby Learns to Eat

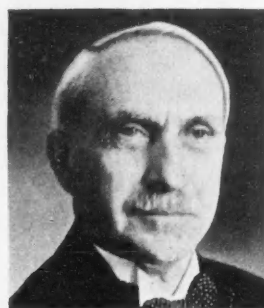
By J. W. S. McCullough, M.D.

time, the newly born baby's mouth is provided with a reflex which causes his tongue to push out anything placed just inside his lips. This does not interfere with nursing, since milk from a mother's nipple empties at the back of the throat, but it does make spoon feeding difficult. Most mothers know that in these early days the only way they can successfully administer cod-liver oil is either to pry his mouth open and empty a spoonful of it down his throat, or else to place him on his back and let gravity do its work. The tongue keeps up this guardianship until some time between the third and fifth months, when instead of obstructing, it begins to assist in moving food to the back of the throat. When he reaches this stage of development, and not before, spoon feeding of cereals and strained vegetables can be easily accomplished. At about this time, too, his brain will have developed to such a point that he is likely to show pleasure in this new kind of food and will open his mouth in conscious anticipation of each spoonful. Thus the semi-solid stage of feeding is begun.

**Semi-solid Feeding**—This period ranges from the third, fourth or fifth month to the end of the third quarter of the first year, according to the signals which appear in that period. These will not always be the same in every baby; they will be seen in the sturdier ones.

During the last quarter of the first year, we get another growth signal for a more spectacular change in the eating habits. When it becomes time for the teeth to show themselves, we notice that the baby's lower jaw has been growing forward with such rapidity that it is about to meet the upper jaw in a proper position for chewing. Then, teeth or no teeth, babies begin to go through chewing motions. It is time that these jaws were given something to do. Now coarsely divided foods such as chopped vegetables, meat and hard crusts will be in order.

As soon as it is observed that the baby can chew, it is of importance that he be offered the opportunity, for as with every growth step, if the opportunity is missed, and he becomes fixed in his preference for sieved foods only, he is likely to refuse to use his chewing ability.



As we go to press, word comes of the death of Dr. John W. S. McCullough, who for over ten years has been helping many thousands of Canadian mothers and their children through Chatelaine's Baby Clinic. Dr. McCullough, who was formerly Chief Inspector of Public Health for Ontario, was known throughout Canada for his medical writings, and was always particularly interested in helping young mothers with their problems. His sage advice and straightforward point of view, have been very important in building Chatelaine's place in the hearts of Canadian women. His monthly articles will be missed—but his counsel will be carried out for many years yet, in homes everywhere.

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 Sudbury—S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd.  
 Tamworth—Hagerty & White  
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 Tavistock—E. Weltzel  
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 Teeswater—Field's Variety Store  
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 Theford—Economy Store  
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 Dunn's Dry Goods, 1931 Gerrard St. E.  
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 The T. Eaton Co. Ltd., Annex  
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"SIMPLICITY" PATTERNS ARE FEATURED IN CHATELAINE MAGAZINE





Typical of countless other knitting groups, this one, the "Mayfair," of Calgary, with a membership of twelve, knitted 32 sweaters, 152 pairs of socks, 29 scarves, 17 pairs of gloves and five helmets, in a few weeks.

# As an Editor Sees it—

By BYRNE HOPE SANDERS

**I** SELECTED this photograph to illustrate a point I want to make.

There's nothing very startling about it. It's hardly a news photograph at all. It's typical of any group in any community. You have been part of such a group, yourself, many a time.

It's just a group of women, knitting.

Yet out of such groups, multiplied endlessly, comes the amazing amount of knitted comforts which Canada has been sending to her soldiers.

Women have a spectacular gift for achieving impressive results from small units. They have turned this gift to many a communal effort with remarkable results.

Now the call comes to them, to take up one of the most important phases of war work—the sale of War Savings certificates!

On page 65 you'll see outlined for you, what you can do in your own home, individually, and with groups in your organizations. I urge you to consider this a matter of first-class importance.

It is the loud clear answer to the question women have been asking since the war began: "What can I do to help?"

EVEN NOW, after the many readings of "Safe From the War" which must follow its editorial preparation, I find myself lured into its columns again, every time I come near it. This story of one little group of evacuees is probably the most appealing and memorable I've read. There'll be many an incident and news story in the months to come, that will be illumined in your mind by this tender little fragment of one family's life, told by Sheila McCormick. The writer has spent a great deal of time working with English children who have come to this side for safety. She tells me that she did not have to draw on her imagination for this story.

Alice Hemming tells of the turbulent Churchill children in this issue—it's a vividly interesting story. Mrs. Hemming is with her two small children in her home in Vancouver, having been sent there from England under her husband's orders. He is in the Army in England.

If you're one of the thousands who plan tea parties for various phases of war work, you'll find Helen Campbell's analysis of how to serve tea for various amounts per head, a very practical help. Your club should have it on file, too!

Vol. 14

No. 2

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